

Mevlânâ  
Celâleddîn  
Rumi

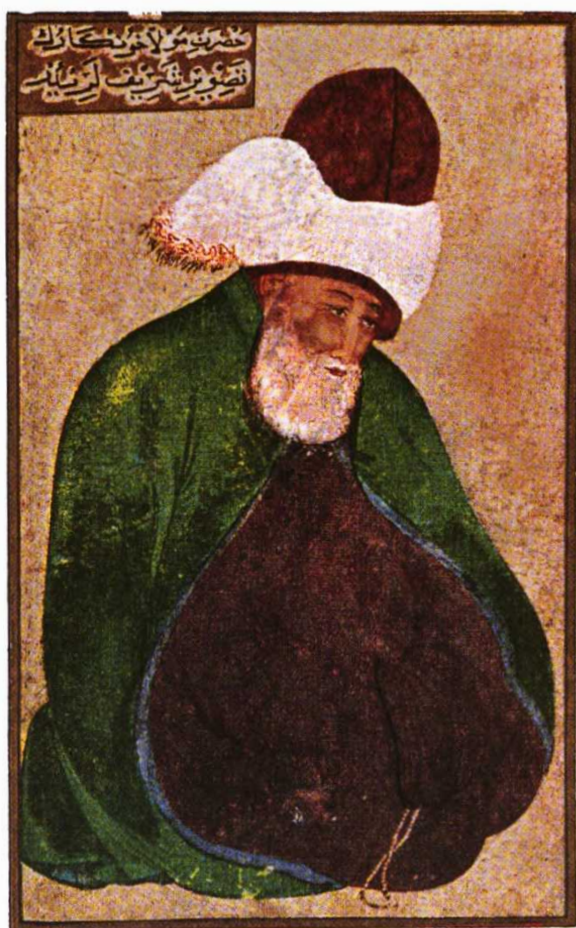
Dîvân-i Kebîr  
Meters 5,6,7a

Translated by Nevit O. Ergin

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**Dîvân-i Kebîr**

**Meters 5, 6, and 7a**

**Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi**

**Translated by Nevit Oguz Ergin**

**Echo Publications**

**San Clemente, California USA**

# **Dîvân-i Kebîr**

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All rights are reserved. With proper acknowledgment,  
permission will be granted for parts of this book to be  
reproduced by others  
in their efforts to bring Mevlana Celâleddîn Rumi  
to the attention of the general public.

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Leather binding of *Dîvân-i Kebîr* (c.1368)  
registered at the Mevlânâ Museum in Konya.

## Translator's Notes

Mevlana Celaledin Rumi's birthday appears in every book as October 30, 1207. The source of this information is from *Risale-i Sipeh-Salar*. Sipeh-Salar Ahmed Oglu Mecdeddin Feridun (d. 1312) was a Selcuk: an officer (the words Sipeh-Salar mean military officer) who lived during Mevlana's time. The original booklet (*risale*) was written by him. Later, his son, during Emir Abid Celeb's (d.1338) time, revised this booklet and added the biography of Veled Celebi and Ulu Arif Celebi. They were the son and grandson of Mevlana.

Besides these biographical notes, Sipeh Salar's son gave a false claim of kinship of Kalif Ebubekir to Mevlana's father. This myth was, later on, repeated by Eflaki who died in 1360.

The late Abdulbaki Golpınarlı (d.1984), for the first time questioned the validity of Mevlana's birthday. In the second meter of this volume (Meter 6, *Mahr-i Hezec Mekfuf*) in Poem XIII, verse 338, Mevlana says, "Forty years, mind kept me busy with thought. At age sixty two I was hunted and freed from thoughts and measures." Not only in this verse, but other poems in the *Divan*, Mevlana mentioned repeatedly, "a change" took place in his sixties.

Golpınarlı rightfully asked, "What was that important event that made such a big change in Mevlana when he was sixty-two years old?" His answer was, "He met Shems of Tebriz." We know this meeting took place on the 23rd of November in 1244. If he was, as he says, 62 years old, his birthday should be in 1182. In order to support this theory he also found Mevlana's own statement in *Fihri Ma-Fih*. "We were at Semerkant," Mevlana says, "when Kharezm sieged the city." He goes on telling the story of a beautiful girl who was not harmed by the invaders because of her prayers. (Bediuzzaman Firuzanfer, Tehran. H 1330-p.173). Semerkant was taken by Kharezm Shah Muhammed in 1207 (according to ibn-al Asir, Egypt h.1250-V.2 p. 112) or 1212 (according to Cihan Gusa-E.J. W. Gibb Memorial 1916, p. 125)



In order to remember this event, Mevlana had to be much older than the birthday which was given as the year 1207 by Sipeh-Salar.

How old was Shems when he met Mevlana? According to Golpinarli, Shems was even older than Mevlana. In Shem's Makaalat, he talks about his discussion with Ibn-i Arabi (d.1241) and Evhadeddin-Kirmanî (d.1237.) Also, Mevlana's own description of Shems is that he was "An old man with his hair and beard as white as milk." (Poem LII, Bahr-i Remil v.4075.)

Our purpose in bringing these facts here not only corrects the birthday of Mevlana but also give the right perspective to the meeting of two holy men one Saturday morning, November 23, 1244 in Konya.

Nevit O. Ergin  
Valencia, California

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for his encouragement.

archegos



*Fâilâtün-Mefâilün-Fâilâtün-Mefâilün*

First Page, Gazel 1, Verse 1 of Meter 5, Bahr-i Hafif  
of the Divan-i Kebir (c.1368) registered at the  
Mevlana Museum in Konya, Turkey.  
*Fâilâtün-Mefâilün-Fâilâtün-Mefâilün*  
represents the rhyme scheme of the meter.

# Divân-i Kebîr

Meter 5

Bahr-i Hafif

*Fâilâtün-Mefâilün-Fâilâtün-Mefâilün*

# 1.

## Verse 1

*Page 131 of original Divan*

**I** wish, O brave one,  
That you were also a lover, like me.  
You spend all your days with that craziness  
And all your nights crying.

I wish the image of the beloved  
Wouldn't go away for even one moment.  
Two hundred glories would reach  
Both eyes from that.  
Eyes would have hundreds of  
Points of brilliance from that light.

I wish you would give up friends and family  
Stay out of both worlds.  
And say, "I slipped out of myself and surrendered to you,"

When I talk, or try to be with people,  
I am like water, they are like oil.  
I am with them outside, but inside  
I am separated from them.

I wish you would give up fancies and desires;  
Become crazy, insane, be chained.  
But, not the type of craziness  
Caused by changes in your blood  
Or personality problems that are  
Treated by a doctor.

If doctors should ever taste this trouble,  
They would be free from their boundaries;  
Tear up their books.

Give up all this.  
Search for the source of sugar.  
Find the mine of sugar.  
Get out of yourself.  
Melt in the sugar  
Like milk dissolves and disappears  
In the grain.



## 2.

### *Verse 8*

Open the door. Come in.  
Because You are the source of faithfulness.  
For the sake of drunken eyes, this is it.  
It is forbidden for us to live without You.

My words have been tied in knots.  
Scatter Your hair just once.  
I vow to the sun, to early dawn,<sup>1</sup>  
Your love has annihilated me.

I am the proof of love.  
I am a verse in the Koran.  
Read me to the people.  
O community of love,  
The ladder is in your hand.  
Ascend to the sky.

I have seen Him.  
He was passing by like a drunk.  
"O One," I said, "Whose face  
Is like a moon, where are You going?"  
"Don't talk," He answered, "follow me."

I followed Him.  
He started taking fast steps.  
He accelerated so much that  
The wind couldn't reach Him;  
Lightning couldn't catch Him.

I have been annihilated since I have seen Him,  
Undressed from my existence.  
There remained "I," right in the middle without "me,"  
Like a light in the glass lamp<sup>2</sup>  
That illuminates the earth and sky.

His grace fills and shines on the heart.  
Heart is purified, becomes the chosen one.  
Anything which shines from His light  
Shines like Him, illuminates everything.

Who could reach Him besides Him?  
Whatever exists besides Him is nothing, nothingness.  
Come to Me without yourself.  
You are the one who is intimate with yourself.

I started, in the beginning, by praising Him,  
"O, one who adds soul to soul."  
At once He said, "Quit praising,  
Because praising is duality."

Close your lips from duality.  
Open the eyes of your essence.  
If a word comes out of closed lips,  
Keep talking, keep talking.

"Certainly it is for us to tell, to announce Him."<sup>3</sup>  
Don't come between us.  
When man sees the door of the house,  
If it is too small he takes his clothes off.

Doesn't your soul leave your body every night?  
Is there any unworthy attribute in your soul?



Your soul is not a heavy grain of sand  
Which can't come back in the morning.  
Haven't you reached the ocean  
Of purity by going all night long?

As long as man stays man, and God is God,  
Soul comes back again,  
Like counterfeit gold or silver  
Stays in the pocket of the body.

Put your soul in the hand of longing.  
Because desire is like secret chemistry.  
Stay with soul, when soul is separated from the body.

They empty the reed, make it hollow.  
But, they won't leave without sound.  
Go after the lion, hunt the lion,  
Because you are Ali-Murtaza<sup>4</sup>

You were absent.  
For centuries they read the Ayet<sup>5</sup> for you.  
"In truth, human was not anything to be  
Mentioned for a certain period of time."<sup>6</sup>  
The writing in the heart is God's writing.  
Don't call it false.

You are "elif" folded in two and become "lam."<sup>7</sup>  
When you turn into "lam," wash  
Your hands and mouth because you  
Started the invitation by saying,  
"Come on now."

**You give up water and soil  
When you are preoccupied with God.  
Reach this mantle if you become  
Handless and heartless.**



### 3.

#### *Verse 27*

When your face is hidden like a moon  
The heart of the sky becomes confused.  
But when you give heart to the earth,  
Every heart is enlarged, becomes the universe.

When you please hearts both worlds become heart.  
All our hearts turn to earths.  
All hearts start to play, beat and flutter.

There would be such a fire in the sky  
That even angels would start screaming  
Because the pain and smoke of lovers  
Ascend to heaven.

The jealousy of Your love gushes  
Out blood from the veins of lovers.  
This blood appears like sunset in the sky;  
Turns all the sky into blood.

When is that time coming that the earth  
Will tremble because of You;  
This place become a placeless place?

When spring starts smiling  
With the image of my beloved,  
His face scatters roses.  
My eyes and my heart will become a rose garden.

Scatter roses, You are the rose garden.  
You are everybody's bright eye.  
If you would kindly favor and look  
At me once, what would you lose?

Even if I bend my head to the wind,  
Like trees, I am nice.  
Because my eyes, my sight are gardeners  
To the garden of Your Beauty.

If I become your drunk, pass out of myself,  
Act funny and cannot hold my head up,  
Who will be surprised at that?  
When the fruits of a tree are mature  
Branches bend down to the ground.  
I've become like that.

I bend down like a violet,  
Become faithless like jasmine.  
The heart of the tulip is also burned,  
Becomes dark with the pain of the juda tree.

My beloved's face resembles a rose garden.  
Mine is like saffron because of crying and wailing.  
If his face is like that,  
Naturally, the lover's face becomes like this.

All narcissus turn into eyes  
In order to see the rose garden.  
The newly bloomed rose becomes  
A mouth to kiss Him.

When the heart of the garden and meadow  
Start smiling because they have reached spring,  
Rivers cascade and flow like my tears  
With the sorrow of separation.

The heart of that world of emptiness  
Is so full of the Beloved that  
Even its trees turn into a tongue  
To give thanks to the Beloved.

When the trees raise their heads from  
The ground, a voice comes, saying,  
"Whatever you hide will come to the surface."

Sweet basil opens its face  
Of obstinacy to the double rose.  
The rose says to the basil,  
"Wait. I'll tell you when the time of trial comes."

Seeds get out of the ground and start growing above.  
The one who is full of grace  
Will find the ladder to ascend the sky.

Look at this earth that eats souls and drinks blood;  
Decays seeds and, at the same time, nourishes them.  
How funny that this hungry wolf  
Keeps acting like a shepherd to this herd.

All the wolves changed into shepherds.  
Thieves turned into guards.  
Since God is the One guarding,  
What robber will steal from the lover?

Don't rush. The table is set in the garden.  
Lots of foods and favors are put on it.  
Soon the time will come for the meal.  
They will call you.

Don't stay away from the friends of the rose garden  
Because of the scratches of the thorns.  
An armed friend is needed at the caravan.

Be silent O heart.  
The one who wishes and desires  
Always stays silent.  
Their silence tells of the seriousness  
Of their wishes and desires.



# 4.

## Verse 49

**Y**ou are the sun and the moon.  
Sight and senses all come from You.  
Heart is looking at You.  
Sight is purified and enlightened with You.

You said, "Patience is nice, the best."  
But, patience is not possible.  
We are sons of our time.  
God will have mercy in passing by.

The brave ones of love came.  
"O people, " I said, "what's new?"  
They scared me with their mischief;  
Ordered me to beware.

I said, "There is no harm in being killed by love.  
It is only good and prosperous."  
Love drew His sword. O people  
Who have their mind in their heart, be quick.

Anyone who lives after that,  
Wastes his time, his life and others.  
In fact, youth is like a wind blowing past;  
A wind which extinguishes the sparks.

When fire and wind get together  
Nobody knows what will happen.  
They rejuvenate me now with the breeze of early morning.

Don't tell anything to that beautiful-eyed sultan.  
Even news is not secret for him.  
Don't be aware of anything  
When you are next to him.

My heart becomes a curtain to my heart.  
My eye and understanding become  
A cover to my understanding.  
O Beloved I said "If I have anybody besides You  
My soul and my head are all here.

Cut my neck with Love.  
I am not worth even a grain of barley."  
He said, "I am all different; different in man's form."

"Are you Soul?" I asked.  
"What do you mean when you say 'different'?"  
O beautiful sound of the reed flute,  
O wind that tears the curtains and blows with melodies!

*Page 132 of original Divan*

Go from ear to heart and see who is more drunk.  
Tear our purse of obstinacy of the One who makes purses.

If my gold is finished, there's no grief.  
I have a wine-like gold.  
It is alright to say it in Arabic  
But you'd better say it in Farsi, O son.





# 5.

## Verse 61

**R**emember the night you were in trouble?  
The night the doctor was with you  
And removed all the thorns,  
Which were stuck in the feet of your heart.  
Remember that night?

When you fell in the well  
Who gave you new life?  
Tell me, don't go away.  
Come to Him. Remember His favors.

Don't do it. Those favors were not few.  
I swear to God,  
There was no doubt about His favors.  
Come to your senses.  
Remember those favors. Remember.

Remember while you still have the opportunity;  
While there is still time.  
Once it is over it doesn't matter  
If you talk about the rose or mention the thorn.

He is the sun above.  
Appreciate His value.  
When you see that His face resembles the full moon,  
Mention that meeting.  
Remember that moment.

Appreciate his eyes, his looks.  
His time will come again.  
If you are sure of that,  
Never mind talking with others.

O doctor, the one who comes to help when he is called,  
If someone gives two loaves of bread,  
Is he worthy of thanks?

Once your heart shows the doctor is small and worthless,  
That his heart has been dead;  
From then on, it doesn't do any good to yell,  
"Remember this dead carcass"

Even if you become like that, don't give up.  
Remember the spring of Husameddin<sup>8</sup> and the rose garden,  
Like the seed in the soil in autumn.

Don't remember last year if your work  
Turned to pure gold.  
If your clothes were not pawned to  
The one who washed them.  
And, if this year of yours is a pearl.

Isn't it stupid getting involved with the rose,  
Knowing how temporary it is?  
That's the pity. Don't even mention it.



## 6.

### *Verse 72*

**G**od makes your joy clean and eternal,  
And keeps us close to you.  
God is your witness to that condition.  
O uncle, turn your face to us.

When Cafer's<sup>9</sup> hand left an imprint on the rock,  
The mountain became like a separated lover.

If that hand print had a language,  
It would tell of its trouble, saying,  
"Listen, O nice and graceful one."  
Saying it without a mouth or lips.

We are also the print of Cafer's hand,  
Separated from that hand. Feel pity for us.  
And make sure that our actions belong  
To us only in appearance.  
In reality He is the one who knows.

Because the shell moves  
When it contains the pearl,  
Be silent.  
It is enough that those words kept coming  
Even after they had been repelled.



## 7.

### *Verse 77*

The one who has lost all his patience  
Because of You, is the one  
Who reaches and stays with You.  
The one whose heart is hurt with your thorn  
Is the one who reaches Your rose garden.

The rose is Yours. The iris is Yours.  
All the rose garden is Yours.  
They become ruined from Your autumn;  
Sing and enjoy because of Your spring.

Everything which exists from sky to earth  
Is talking and silent at the same time.  
They become restless like the hearts of lovers,  
Because of You.

Everything is worshipping Your love.  
All the universe is in Your hand.  
In one breath they become drunk in Your temple.  
In another breath they fall in Your dreaminess.

Every being has turned upside-down because of You,  
Even if they are not aware of You.  
How strange it is to look at You and see with You.  
How nice to wait for You, to long for You.

What would the cypress and garden do  
If the raven had no eye, no perception?  
You hear the wail of the nightingale,  
He is the one who gives his will and choice to You.

I am the one who gave up work and business,  
Ignored the buyer and seller,  
Got involved in only Your work and Your business.

I gave up the sea and the bridge.  
I ran away from part or whole.  
What do I do to the face of the rose?  
Your rose-face is not there.

What do I do with this dead life,  
This frozen body and soul,  
These two or three days of counted time?  
I have become involved with Your count.

Heart, eyes and ears eat Your honey  
And drink Your sherbet.  
They open flowers every moment  
Just to scatter them for You.

From now on, I will leave  
This soul in this body to the silence.  
But Your zeal, which gives soul and  
Attracts hearts, won't let me be silent.

It is impossible to hide like prey  
In the land of silence.  
Because neither prey nor hunter  
Can avoid being hunted by You.

Every existence grows with Your smell;  
Is purified with Your separation.  
The laughter of everything and everybody  
Is Your work, Your gift; so is their crying.



## 8.

### *Verse 90*

The pen is broken, and has fallen  
In love writing of Your attributes.  
My mind has lost its way because  
Of the intense sorrow of Your separation.

Who could hang around You?  
Who could be Your selected friend?  
Who could be saved from Your trap?  
Who could stretch Your hard bow?

My face turns into gold with Your love.  
I have thousands of signs and traces from You.  
O beautiful, just once, look and see my situation.

I am on fire like Abraham.  
I am happy and comfortable  
With the warmth of Your fire.  
I am not the man who will complain;  
Who will run away from Your merciless grief.

Help me on this difficult road.  
I lost my heart. Help me find it.  
My friend, my beloved, don't let me  
Settle anywhere but in Your rose garden.

My beauty, what else could come close  
To you except your smell?  
What other reason is there to search for you  
But to scatter roses to you?

Angel, human, fairy, man, general, army,  
Sun and Jupiter are all ashamed at Your door.

If you want to get the phoenix of soul in trouble  
It will fall in the yogurt on the first try, like a fly.

When every poor one becomes your interpreter  
With Your great order,  
Health-giving favors turn him into sultans.

All creatures run to Your harvest like ants.  
All the universe obtains their portion  
Of meals from Your table.

The soul who became a bewitching beauty  
Won't be satisfied with a portion.  
He expects to become Your guest.  
He has that ambition and greed;  
Waits for a chance from destiny.

So much relief comes to every disease and  
Every difficulty from Your endless treasure.  
Your world of Absence offers so many  
Favors and kindnesses to the world of existence.

Your favors, Your blessing;  
That's what a body expects.  
Your beauty and charm is the soul's expectation.  
The body looks for the bread You will give.  
The Soul is waiting to be picked up  
And put in Your palm, that's what he wishes.

It is not because of Your greed and Your tricks;  
To hide the ladder You put toward the dome of sky.  
Because it is necessary;  
That's why You hide that ladder.

You show that ladder to good, safe  
People and tell them,  
"The caravan is leaving for the sky."

Be silent O heart.  
Don't try to explain His secrets.  
You will never know them.  
But He knows everything you hide from Him.

Don't look for better sugar cane like that,  
Because even the peel of this cane  
Turned your lips to honey and sugar.

O Sultan of Tebriz, Shemseddin,  
The sounds of "Bravo" are coming  
To your stately beautiful face  
From the temple of God, every moment.





## 9.

### *Verse 108*

Come on, O one who desires exaltation,  
Pull yourself up from sorrows and grief  
Like hair in butter.  
Open His secrets to us;  
Greetings to you.

How come you are not mixing with us?  
Why do you stay, like oil and water, with us?  
You don't even salute.  
What would happen if you said,  
"Greetings to you?"

Come on, O crazy, insane charmer,  
Come to our wedding.  
Open those sugar lips and say,  
"Greetings to you."

Spare us. Be kind and graceful to us.  
Shake your head. Move your beard and say,  
"Greetings to you."

When He opens the door,  
Don't start telling what has happened.  
Go inside. Come to the house, saying,  
"Greetings to you."

If he makes a face, be silent.  
Don't talk. Come inside.  
Wait until his anger calms down and only say,  
"Greetings to you."

An image cuts your way.  
Don't look at him.  
Walk to His temple and say,  
"Greetings, to you."

There is no robber or watchman  
Here in these quarters.  
Say these words, only these words,  
"Greetings to you," that's enough.

Jump out of the trap, don't be prey.  
Stay out of that corner which defeats people.  
Hear the voice coming from the sky,  
"Greetings to you."

If He chooses and protects you,  
He kindly gives you the guide,  
Shows His way, then appears in your heart, saying,  
"Greetings to you."

If you slip out of forms and shapes  
And arrive at the divine stages,  
You hear from six directions,  
"Greetings to you."

If you cannot fit in that small room,  
Don't run away. Don't fight and struggle.  
Put your head to the ground  
Like a poor destitute one and say,  
"Greetings to you."

Even the sultan doesn't help me in the good or bad  
Only these words come from his lips,  
"Greetings to you."

Leave deceit and talent. The unripe melon  
Doesn't know anything about them.  
Only eat so much of that.  
"Greetings to you."

O Beauty whose face is like the Moon,  
Don't try to please every scorpion.  
You keep telling your gazel,  
"Greetings to you."

O most pitied among people,<sup>10</sup>  
You who have benevolence,  
Your sins are forgiven.  
"Greetings to you."

You are the master of the devout,  
The Moon and praise for worshippers.  
For that reason, now listen to the beauties.  
"Greetings to you."

*Page 133 of original Divan*

I will change your poison to sugar,  
Your stone to pearl and your work to gold.  
"Greetings to you."

I will turn your body to soul,  
Rejuvenate your heart and cover your faults.  
"Greetings to you."

You have come by running from absence toward heart.  
You have heard so many times from the sky,  
"Greetings to you."

Since you have hope for us,  
Even if You touch the raven  
It turns into a stately bird.  
All your apologies become loyalty.  
"Greetings to you."

You become a red rose in the green garden.  
Your cheeks, your chin, all your skin  
Flushes and shines like flames.  
You look at, and enjoy the jasmine, saying,  
"Greetings to you."

When the garden and meadows  
Are covered with green clothes,  
Hear the voices coming from the roofs,  
"Greetings to you."

When saplings smile because of sweet basil,  
Tulips hear the songs of birds, saying,  
"Greetings to you."

When I start talking like a drunk,  
Sorrow disappears from envy.  
If that wasn't the case, I couldn't say,  
"Greetings to you."

Where do your lips and your words come from?  
That Sultan of sultans who gives the order "Be"?  
You also turn your face to Him, saying,  
"Greetings to you."

O, Shemseddin, come and hear  
Of our humdrum, every day lives.  
Then hear our lips saying,  
"Greetings to you,"  
From deep down in our hearts.



# 10.

## *Verse 135*

**P**repare. Your time has come.  
Play the drum of loyalty.  
Your Judas trees are in bloom.  
Serve purple-colored wine.

We press the juice out of  
Sweet grapes from your garden;  
Scatter fruit from the young trees.

Don't drive the mind and soul  
Away from your table of kindness.  
How much could two small flies eat?  
What would be lost from your table?

The hope of all expectant ones is nothing  
But grain and barley in Your harvest.  
These two worlds are small villages  
In Your universe.

Even if the sun hits swords of light all day long  
It would melt with the fear of Your sword,  
Become smaller than a particle and disappear.

When the soul of sky falls down  
To kiss Your trace, earth will rise.  
But, I don't know how and with what wings  
It will fly to Your sky.

Earth, whose wing is broken,  
Sits and stays there.  
It keeps looking to your side with the hope  
Of getting a new wing from You.

Neither at night, nor in the dawn  
Has my cry reached You.  
Because of the might of Your doorkeeper,  
It has never flared up.

Yet, haven't you promised me that,  
At the time of exaltation,  
Your ladder would come?

When You look at your slave  
With those narcissus eyes,  
His soul will fly out from  
The land of existence  
To Your land of absence.

You caress him and tell him,  
"O one who has fallen into grief,  
Don't worry from now on.  
Even the sky starts overflowing  
From your exuberance.

For kindness and protection  
I am much better than father or mother.  
But I try you in order to make  
You more mature, more cooked.

I prepare you a garden, meadow and heaven.  
I give remedies for your troubles.  
I prepare a better, newer sky  
Than this smoky sky."

We've told everything O my beauty,  
Except the Source of these words.  
Because it is better to hear  
Your secret from Your mouth.





# 11.

## *Verse 149*

Two or three drunks,  
Who are finer than heart and soul  
Became His guest and sat in the corner, singing.

When they were involved with joy  
Their heads became more dizzy, more drunk.  
Their heads fell in the middle  
From their fights and struggles.

Because of the command of their souls  
And the wine they drink in the early morning,  
Honey and wine will flow  
Like rivers on the right and left.

In one breath they embrace the Beloved.  
In one breath they love.  
In one breath they prostrate to the ground with joy.  
And in one breath they start wars and make gossip.

There will be a moment when that  
Sugar-lipped, sugar-statured beauty  
Who came from that sugar source will be with them.  
When that time comes, don't look for manners from them.

I swear to God, you are a beautiful  
Cupbearer, loyal and permanent.  
You are of such good temper, so gentle,  
Always looking for guilt to be forgiven.  
You have such a disposition that  
You always look for joy and pleasure.

Oy my soul, offer two glasses of wine  
To your drunk and listen  
To the secrets of the sky from him.  
He'll give you a hair by hair account.

Pour the wine in his glass.  
He has been shy for some time.  
Pour wine so he will come out of his bashfulness.  
He will come out and not be bashful again.

When mind is submerged into wine,  
The door of the kingdom is open.  
Every purse of favors is untied  
With the order of "Feed them."<sup>11</sup>

Leave your shell, look inside for essence.  
Watch the beauty there.  
Open layer upon layer of clouds  
That cover His face, which resembles the Moon.

From now on, the waters won't  
Flow through any river bed but ours.  
I will also keep drinking wine, jar by jar,  
Like a drunk with His separation.

I will go nicely with the graceful charmer  
From the rose garden of color and smell  
To the soul's rose garden, like a drunk

Look at his eyes, his face, his charm and grace.  
For the sake of our conversation,  
Look at him once.

What can I do if your heart is not carefree,  
If you haven't become a friend of the glass  
Nor fond of wine?  
How can a child who becomes drunk  
With roasted chick peas understand His lips?  
What does he feel from them?

If you are confident of fate  
O graceful friend, look and see, quickly,  
There is a pumpkin under the arm of each particle.

When sunshine cuts the roads of innumerable particles,  
It tears their curtains so much  
That they cannot be sewed or patched.

I swear to your lips,  
He has gone out of hand, become drunk again,  
And started cooing like a pigeon.

While you are sleeping  
Love and heart, together,  
Leave the earth for the sky  
And walk without worry or sorrow.

There, from soul's date garden they will eat  
These fresh, dry dates that neither humans  
Nor angels have seen, and do not deserve the throat.

I became a guest to my Master, with my heart.  
I have reached this honor.  
Now on this last day of judgment,  
I eat from God's meal, I drink from God's wine.<sup>12</sup>

Now, you go home tonight.  
The heart has been pawned.  
Come back in the morning and listen to the rest of this.

You tell the rest of the gazel.  
Tell it so everyone will be influenced.  
You are Love, nobody becomes the enemy of love.

You say you are Kevser's<sup>13</sup> water.  
How nice, how sweet you are,  
How nice you smell.  
You make everything green and fresh,  
Wash and clean all paleness and ruins.



## 12.

### *Verse 172*

**G**od will give you pure, clean pleasure,  
Make your joy lasting.  
Won't separate us from you.  
I don't forget my friend.  
Unkindness is not my creed, is not my way.

Cast your shadow on your slaves,  
Because you are the moonlight of every evening.  
Say something, don't be silent.  
Your lips are like sugar.

I haven't found any consolation  
Since I have been away from you.  
Your image is always in my eyes.  
Your beauty is not something  
To be hidden and forgotten.

Soul is the rider riding the mount of body.  
The donkey of the body is under his legs.  
But it is sad to see that soul  
Goes under the donkey, becomes a mount.

God brightens and opens our eyes.  
God lets us meet you again.  
Oh you, keep your word  
And come to us with that beauty, that charm.

Above all, offer that esteemed glass.  
The heart and soul will be saved  
From this confusion with that wine.

Fill the glass and offer it.  
Don't say, "Be patient."  
Patience and piety are both depleted.

Earth becomes such a fast running place  
Because of you.  
The sky becomes your slave and servant.  
Both worlds come to life and are enlivened  
Because of you.  
What a heart-catching disposition you have.  
What a soul-giving drink you are.

Since the days first started turning,  
The mouth of this earth is open toward the sky.  
Just like that, my desire, my intention is You.  
It is impossible to forget You.

Heart follows the reasons of this world  
With your hope;  
Because all the reasons are in your hand.  
You are the one who caused them,  
Brought the form of reason.

Hearts are loitering with reasons  
Because of you.  
Yet, they don't know you are close  
To those hearts, nearer than near.<sup>14</sup>

My Master, fill the glass  
From the jar of the monk's son.  
O kind, generous cupbearer,  
Be beautiful and joyful, sing.

Be silent. Don't say, "Come along."  
You have wine. Fill the glass and drink.  
Since you are in the shade of His kingdom,  
Why are you moving around?

People become drunk. Be silent.  
Listen to the melodies of souls.  
Reach and merge with the Beloved.  
Don't get involved with struggle.  
Fight to come first; to become the top.



# 13.

## *Verse 186*

**M**y Beauty, You are a sun for the whole world.  
O Moon, it appears that you don't look at the sun.

When you passed the earth once,  
The whole world became Soul.  
Everywhere turned into a rose garden,  
Underground changed to a mine.

My body has been thinned, turned into a string.  
Love is sown in my heart.  
That is my destiny, there must be some reason.

Once dawn tears the curtain,  
You go behind the curtain.  
When night draws the curtain,  
Then you tear the curtain.

My Beauty, loan me the soil  
You step on, as a salve.  
Because you are the sun, my eyes are blurred.  
I would put this soil on my eyes,  
So these eyes will shine.

The beauties of this world are all clouds.  
You are the Moon.  
The sultans of this earth are all feet,  
You are the head.



When your specter appeared,  
That new Moon was darkened, told your image,  
"You are so bright and shiny,  
It's no wonder you drink water from that fountain."



# 14.

## *Verse 193*

**B**eloved, I am the tent  
You set up, then take down.  
I am a pen in your hand  
Which You sharpen and break.

I am a flag pole.  
Sometimes You put me upside down.  
At others you climb the mountain  
And raise me there.

I am such a particle in the air  
That I am in the light coming from the window.  
I go toward the window  
Because you are above the window.

No. No. Don't call me a particle.  
Consider me a universe.  
You are the sun, if it was not for You,  
How could both worlds be illuminated?

Even if we are all skin.  
You still see us as essence.  
But, if You don't give us an oil,  
We will all be dead and dry.

If I am a sultan without You,  
All my being is false, false.  
If I become soil, stay with You,  
How pleasant is that being, how pleasant.

I am begging for You.  
You say, "I keep you away from Me  
To see what you would do in the air, O little particle."

Why should the sun call  
And talk with one particle?  
You kill. You bring to life.  
You do whatever is necessary, O friend.  
You do whatever is necessary.

What kind of wine did you offer the heart,  
That he walks, swaying right and left?  
Sometimes he goes neither right nor left.  
He has no idea of fear or security.



# Dîwân-i Rebîr

Meter 6

Bahr-i Hezec Mekfuf

*Mefâilu Fâilün Mefâilû Fâilün*

# 1.

## Verse 1

*Page 135 of original Divan*

What, what is our love?  
O my God, what nice, pure, matchless love.  
My God.

This love comes from  
The wheel of the fountain of life;  
Not from clapping hands,  
Nor from the sound of the reed flute or tambourine.  
My God.

It is well understood that,  
That Sultan is hidden in that throne.  
Because, all the reasons have  
Been prepared to drip sugar,  
My God.

Whoever's mind, thought and heart  
Reflects the image of that Beloved.  
That mind, that heart becomes the most  
Matchless, the purest of the pure heart and mind,  
My God.

If body yelled and screamed  
Because of the troubles of profit and loss,  
That is also from your blowing;  
Not the sound of the shrill pipe,  
My God.

Your hand opens  
All those holes in the reed of body.  
For that reason he yells, cries,  
Fights and struggles,  
My God.

It is inevitable.  
How would the poor reed know  
Where the beginning and end  
Of the melodies are?  
The breath of the flute player  
Is the one who sees and knows,  
My God.

What a light, what love and exaltation  
Exists in the rose garden and vineyard  
Because of the greatness of the drunks,  
My God.

There are more tasteful meals and sweets  
Than the blessings which descend from the sky  
To the beautiful desert of Moses and Jesus,  
My God.

We are so bewildered, so drunk  
From these tasty meals and this wonderful food.  
They are not made from ingredients  
Grown from earth.  
They are coming from the sky,  
My God.

There is a Moon, a sun,  
And the stars of Pleiades in every corner  
Of this rose garden because  
Of the reflection of the beloved's face,  
My God.

Whether we become torrents or rivers,  
We are all flowing and coming to You.  
All running water ends at the sea,  
My God.

I have made so many oaths to be silent,  
But I couldn't.  
Otherwise, how would those pearls  
In your sea keep talking,  
My God.

Be silent O heart.  
You are drunk, don't jump.  
Save him from this calamity  
Of blowing wind and rising dust,  
My God.

From God's Shems of Tebriz,  
Heart is ruined, confused with love,  
So are the eyes, both eyes,  
My God.



## 2.

### Verse 16

*Mefâilü faûlün mefâilü faûlün*

What a garden, what a meadow  
Comes from the top of the sky, scattering blooms.  
What a night of Kadir<sup>15</sup>, what a full Moon.  
What value. What maturity.  
Be auspicious; become greater and greater.

What a brightness. What light.  
What exaltation and scattering.  
What a valuable pearl of truth and love.

What a property. What wealth.  
What a word. What disposition.  
What a wing, an arm to reach  
To the sky of manifestation.

When Soul breaks his chain  
And becomes, free, watch out.  
Who is Zun-Nun?<sup>16</sup> Who is Mecnum?  
Who is Leyli? Who is Leyla?<sup>17</sup>

Divine flags appear behind the mountain.  
What Sultan is he? What Khan?  
What kind of mayor? What great hero?

What did souls do that they  
Put the world behind them?  
If anybody says this is just consolation  
And deception, cut his neck.



God, who repairs everything broken?  
Who feeds the world without intermediary?  
This is neither the sound of soul,  
Nor the sound of secrets;  
Nor the superfluous sermon of welcome.

Either be part of the earth  
Or the Archangel Gabriel.  
If you see this situation say,  
"May His greatness be permanent.  
"He becomes greater and greater."

Don't yell and scream.  
Even if the sky and earth disappear.  
There is no fear for you.

Slow down, take it easy.  
Be neither exuberant, nor a show-off.  
You are outdated wine;  
Distilled once so that you won't have sediment.

You are the cloth maker, the cloth washer.  
You are the grape and the grape crusher.  
Filter and crush, but don't smear your hands.

Be silent, be silent.  
Don't talk about God at the gathering  
Of these rowdy, rough people.

Don't concern yourself, don't worry.  
Concerns and worries resemble gas;  
It burns every young root.

Go out of yourself with drunkenness  
And wonderment. Be a date so all the cane  
Will look like sugar to you.

Bravery is craziness. Don't think, attack.  
Throw yourself to the front  
Like a lion, without boasting.

Thought and worry is like a trap.  
It is not good to fall into it.  
There is no need to use cunning,  
Just to swallow one morsel.

If you control the way to the morsel,  
You'll be saved from all the traps.  
But, if you fall into greed,  
Crying comes next.



### 3.

#### Verse 33

*Mefâilû faûlûn mefâilû faûlûn*

What kind of love is this that we have  
My God?  
It is peerless, pure and beautiful,  
My God.

How hot are we burning with that love?  
How hot, just like the sun?  
How much is this love hidden, hidden?  
At the same time how obvious is this love,  
My God?

What a moon that is. What a moon.  
What good company is wine.  
It has adorned the soul and universe,  
My God.

How nice is this exuberance  
Which comes from the earth, this exuberance.  
How nice, this exuberance.  
Yet, how nice work, business  
And exuberance would be over there,  
My God.

The Sultan of Sultans sends all his cavalries.  
Dust is raised more and more.  
What kind of dust has been raised,  
My God?

We have fallen down; down in such a way  
That we cannot rise again.  
We don't know, are not aware of  
What kind of fight and uproar this is,  
My God.

What a quarter. What a quarter.  
From where did the dust rise?  
But it is different dust, different dusting,  
Dusting again, what a love that is,  
My God.

There is no trap, no chain.  
How come we are all tied up?  
What a bond, what a chain on our feet,  
My God.

What a picture.  
What decorations on the ceiling of the heart.  
They are unseeing, drawn on the heights.  
My God.

Silence. Silence so secrets won't spread,  
Because strangers are at the right and left.  
My God.



# 4.

## Verse 43

*Mefâilü faûlün mefâilü faûlün*

Coming, coming, the rose garden  
Has become green, roses are in bloom.  
Coming, coming, the beloved has come.

Coming. Surrender all souls  
And all worlds to the sun.  
He pulls his sword in such a nice way.

Laugh at the ugly ones who feign reluctance.  
Cry for that friend who is separated from the beloved.

Words came to town saying,  
"The crazy have been loosened from their chains."  
The whole city has riots.

What a day. What a day.  
What a day of resurrection is today.  
Did the books of good and bad deeds  
Of the people, come flying by from the sky?

Beat the drums and don't say anything.  
Is it time for the heart and soul to go?  
Soul has already gone.



# 5.

## Verse 49

*Mefâilü faülün mefâilü faülün*

**D**rive away. Away.  
Banish each remnant of yourself.  
Know. Know that you appear  
Clearly in the Absolute Being.

Ride your horse. Ride your horse.  
You are a quick calvary.  
Show coyness. Show coyness.  
You are the beauty of the earth.

Do you have anything that doesn't belong to the Beloved?  
If you have anything, bring it. Bring it.  
Whisper it in my ear.

If you are left over from last night,  
Tell us, tell.  
How was the tavern last night?  
How was it?

God has such a wine;  
Such a wine in this world,  
That you are only a drop of it.  
Just a drop.

The second time, second time;  
If He drops another drop  
You will be out of this world,  
The next world and yourself.

He opened the wine jar today.  
Carry the bowl and carry the pitcher  
To the tavern.

The one who shines in the morning;  
The one who breaks the darkness  
Is calling you. Calling.  
If you are drunk and slow,  
Wine will make you faster.

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They came. The messengers of God came.  
Come inside. Come, stay with them.  
Don't be left outside.

Alas. Alas, they won't fit in this house.  
They are all essence.  
You are still place bound.

Never get involved in your problems, ignore them.  
They are all Soul. You are in everyday's struggle.

Work. Work until this flesh becomes soul.  
Not for eating bread and making more body.

What a love this is! What a love.  
It has a very hard bow string.  
You are the arrow and bow in that hand.

The sound of music is coming  
From the place which has no direction.  
Weddings and feasting are all there.  
You are just beating your own drum.

Be silent, silent, silent.  
Drink. Drink that until repletion.  
Cover. Cover. You are a hidden treasure.

Your faces are hidden.  
Your actions are visible.  
You are apparent with your traces.  
You keep appearing, but at the same time,  
You are secret, like the essence of soul.

When you become sense, even though  
You are in thousands of persons,  
You turn into one.  
Like the sun, you enter every house and multiply.

Everything fits in that sea.  
That sea accepts everything.  
Don't be afraid. Don't be afraid.  
Don't tear your collars.

My Heart, be silent. Close your mouth.  
Close your mouth that doesn't turn into a treasure.  
Don't be surprised.





## 6.

### *Verse 68*

**D**ie. Die. Die with this love.  
If you die with this love, you will find the soul.

Die. Die. Don't be afraid of this death.  
Ascend from this sky to other skies.

Die. Die. Separate from that self.  
Because this self resembles a tie  
And you are like a captive with this bondage.

Get a crowbar to penetrate the dungeon.  
When you get out of the dungeon,  
You are all sultans. You are all masters.

Die. Die in the presence  
Of the beautiful sultan.

If you die in front of the beautiful sultan,  
You all become sultans.

Die. Die. Rise from under this cloud.  
When you rise from this cloud,  
You all become a full Moon.

Be silent. Be silent.  
Silence is the language of death.  
Your flight from silence,  
Is from your being alive.



# 7.

## Verse 76

All the ones who are bored sick have left.  
Close the door of the house.  
Laugh at the mind which is sick and tired  
And has fallen into grief and sorrow.

Ascend to heaven.  
All of you are from the family of the Prophet.  
Kiss the cheek of the Moon,  
Because you are at the roof.  
You have ascended.

The Prophet split the Moon.  
Why do you want to become a cloud?  
He is graceful and quick.  
Why did you let yourself be put down?

The ones who are tired and bored  
Have fallen in the wells.  
You have never tried to make a tunnel  
Through the mountains like Ferhad and Sheddad;<sup>18</sup>  
Not even one time.

Even if your face is not a Moon,  
Don't turn your face from that Moon.  
Don't be a sick one who covers his head.

It is not right to be concerned with whether  
Things happened this way or the other.  
Whatever they look for, be unaware.  
Don't understand what you are gathering.

Since you have seen that fountain,  
Why shouldn't you become water?  
Since you have seen that kin,  
That known hero, how can you still be yourself?

Since you are in a sugar mine, why is your face sour?  
Since you are submerged in the fountain of Life,  
How come you are very dry, pale and miserable?

Don't resist Don't insist.  
Don't run away from the kingdom.  
You cannot escape anyway,  
Because you are in a trap.  
A halter is around your neck.

Once the halter is thrown on your neck,  
Once you are caught,  
There is no way for you to be free.  
Don't fight. Don't struggle. Don't become obstinate.

Play with your life, like a moth.  
Jump to the flame of the candle.  
How come you follow your friend? Wait for him?  
How come you look for the tie to be tied?

Jump to this candle and be burned.  
Enlighten your heart and your soul.  
Dress another body, this flesh is old.  
Throw it out.

Why are you afraid of the fox?  
You have the lion's nature.  
Why are you turning into a lame donkey?  
You mounted a dun horse.

Right now, the Beloved comes  
To open the door of the kingdom.  
That Beloved is the key, you are all locks.

Be silent. All this talking  
Made you contemptible and despicable.  
If the buyer is a parrot,  
You are naturally sugar and honey.



## 8.

### Verse 91

*Faûlûn Failâtûn Faûlûn Failâtûn*

Don't go beloved. Don't do that.  
Don't go away deceitful beloved.  
Just once, don't cover your auspicious face.

You are the sea of God,  
All these creatures are fish.  
If you deprive them of you and  
Throw them to shore, they will all die.

Don't promise "tomorrow" to this insane heart.  
The cry and wails have surpassed  
The sky from your "tomorrows."

When we are in your hand,  
We can't differentiate our head from our feet.  
When we become your drunk,  
The head will fall, so will the turban.

Your offers are all cash;  
Complaint is impossible.  
Just to make our rivals happy, we start complaining.

Love asked me, "O Hodja, what do you want?  
What does the head of drunk want,  
Besides the door of the tavernkeeper?"

You have seen all our faults; even those you bought us.  
What a faulty garment. What a kind buyer.

Sultans all give gold as a favor.  
You are such a Sultan of Sultans, you offer soul.  
The dead who died years ago, and decayed,  
Are raised from the grave because of you.

Desire of the Beloved wipes away  
All the sorrows and troubles.  
If soul blocked my way I would be disgusted with soul.

When rain comes from your clouds,  
Jasmine grows in the sand.  
When your sun shines,  
Everywhere becomes a rose garden.

We fall in love with Your image.  
And turn into image because of that love.  
What would happen if we ever met you?

We all have broken glasses, cut our feet.  
All our friends are drunk.  
Don't ever go on any road except a straight one.



# 9.

## *Verse 103*

**W**e are doctors. We have wisdom.  
We are the doctors that have no one ahead of us.  
We are wine and kebab;<sup>19</sup> the star of Canopus.  
We are earth.

We turn to medicine when  
Sickness of the flesh comes.  
For the sick at heart, we become  
A beautiful beloved, a beautiful friend.

When the patient dies, doctors flee.  
We don't run away, we are a kind friend.

Run. Run. We are waiting  
At the beginning of the road.  
This earth doesn't deserve us.  
We are blessings and coyness.

Although we look like this, that's wrong.  
It is wrong because body resembles  
The branch of a tree.  
We are the morning breeze.

But the movement of the branch  
Is the work of the wind.  
Be silent. Be silent.  
Sometimes we are this; sometimes that.



# 10.

## Verse 109

*Faûlûn, faûlûn, fâulûn, fâulûn*

**C**ome on. Come on, let's go to the rose garden.  
We turn like a compass around  
The point of good fortune and success.

Come, we turn around that Beloved,  
With good luck and happiness, like new lovers.

We sow so many seeds; run around so much  
In this barren land.  
This time, we look for the seed  
Which cannot be found in the barns.

The face that turns back behind is always ugly.  
We look for that beautiful face,  
That loyal beloved.

When we are hurt by ourselves,  
We become the slave of the five senses,  
And the six dimensions.  
Just once, we will go to  
The tavern of the tavern keeper.

Since we have fallen into this grief  
We have become consumed.  
We now become prey for that trap.  
We don't have anything else to do.  
We just get on with this work.



We don't have head and feet.  
We are in the sky like particles.  
We should turn around that peerless beauty  
Like the Moon.

We are filled with cries like the water wheel.  
We turn without complaining,  
Without words, like thought.



# 11.

## Verse 117

*Faûlûn Faûlûn Faûlûn Faûlûn*

**W**e are the wise, we are the doctors  
Who came from Baghdad.  
We saved many of the ill  
From their diseases, from their troubles.

We pull old ailments and griefs  
And troubles that have no beginning, no end  
From the nerves and vessels with our hands.

We talk in a beautiful elegant style.  
We are the students of Jesus.  
We blow souls to so many deaths.

Ask the ones who have found our trace,  
Have seen our face, they will tell you,  
With gratitude, that we are freed from the well.

The doctors came from a long way.  
Through foreign lands they reached here.  
They have made some miraculous medicines  
That we have never seen before.

We crush the head of sorrow with our feet.  
We sweep all trouble out of the house.  
We are all charming beauties,  
Resembling the month of bairam's festivities.

We are God's doctors.  
We don't take money for treatment  
Because our insides are clean.  
We don't have greed. We are not dirty.

Don't think this medicine is a purgative.  
We brought these roots and herbs from heaven.

We are the doctors of all knowledge.  
We don't examine urine.  
We run around the patients body, like thought.

Don't open your mouth.  
Don't start talking.  
Most of the listeners are ravens.  
In any case, we have flown; are gone.



# 12

## Verse 127

*Faûlun faûlûn faûlân failatûn*

**B**e exuberant. Be exuberant.  
We are like a rough sea.  
We have no business besides love.  
We don't do anything besides love.

We don't sow any seed to this soil except love.  
We don't sow any seed to this soil, this clean field.

We have been so drunk because of our sultan.  
Come. Come. We will give our hand to you.

How do we know? How do we know  
What kind of wine we drank yesterday.  
We have been drunk all day today.

Don't ask. Don't ask about the real situation.  
We worship wine. We don't count glasses.

You haven't become drunk.  
You haven't drank that wine yet.  
How do you know? How do you know  
Which prey we are after, which prey?

We won't fall and lay down on that ground.  
We are not a rush mat.  
We are the heroes of the castle.  
We will ascend to the sky.



# 13.

## Verse 134

*Faulûn faulûn faulûn faulûn*

I have been freed from chains once more.  
Once more I jumped out of this trap;  
Out of these bonds which bind the weak.

Fate is like an old man  
With a hunch on his back;  
Full of spells and treachery.  
I took refuge in the kingdom of youth,  
Escaped from that old man.

I have run day and night;  
Flew day and night.  
Ask the sky to understand  
How I flew off into space like an arrow.

Why should I be afraid of grief and sorrow?  
I am a friend and acquaintance with death.  
Why should I worry about the doorkeeper?  
I have escaped, am saved from the master.

Forty-year-old mind submerged me in thought.  
I became prey in my sixty-second year.<sup>20</sup>  
I was hunted, then I was freed  
From thought and measures.

With God's foreordaining,  
All the people became blind and deaf.  
Because of the greatness of fate,  
I am exempt from that fate.

Fruit is involved with  
The shell outside and the seed inside.  
I am free from that skin and seed, like a fig.

It is harmful to delay some things.  
And the devil makes you hurry others.  
My heart is saved from delays and hurry.

First I was fed by blood, then milk.  
Then milk became food for me instead of blood.  
When my wisdom teeth came, I was weaned from milk.

I ran after bread with a pack of lies for some time.  
Since God gave me food, I am free from lies and deceit.

Be silent, silent. Don't give all the details.  
I talk interpretation.  
I am free from the desire for garlic.



# 14.

## Verse 145

*Faulân failatûn faûtûn failatûn*

If you are like me,  
Move your head. Move your beard.  
If you are in love with the sultan,  
Come to the front.

Come on. Today is the day of union.  
Everywhere, there is beauty and charm.  
The world is nothing but kindness,  
Favor and maturity.  
Oh, what a beautiful Sultan.

Where are you? Where?  
Aren't you in our circle?  
Aren't you with us?  
Even if you are in heaven, what's the value,  
The beauty, if you are not alive?

What a sweet-tongued charmer.  
What a universe that he  
Gives a kiss for a soul.  
What cheap garment that is.

Whether an elephant or a lion,  
Love make the lover like that.  
If you see someone in love,  
You'll say, "For sure the cat  
Is in the saddle bag."

It is very bitter, very sweet;  
Full of love, full of care and full of hate.  
It is a mouthful of a very tasty morsel.

Come to the front, don't be scared.  
Don't run away from this trouble maker.  
Don't be obstinant, O Sultan of the brave.  
Don't be obstinant.

What a day. What a day.  
What a holiday which brightens our hearts.  
Those eyes keep flirting, looking with coyness.  
Smiling honey sugars are scattered from those lips.

Ask for rose-colored wine  
From that nice-statured Beauty.  
Everything is in good shape because,  
At this moment, the moon is entering the sign of Libra.

Drink the wine of exaltation,  
But, don't touch your lips or your beards.  
Listen to the uproar coming from  
Saturn and the other stars.

Think and be silent.  
Don't talk openly. Don't tell this secret.  
It is a pity to waste these pearls  
And coral with people who have no appreciation.





# 15.

## Verse 156

*Fäülün Failatun Fäülün Failätun*

How much is the price of a kiss  
From beautiful lips?  
It is worth a soul. Take it.

That kiss is very clean.  
Soil doesn't deserve it.  
For that reason, I should strip  
Out of our flesh and become soul.

The sea of cleanliness has told me that,  
"You can walk freely like that.  
If you have that pearl,  
You should crack this shell."

Even earth turned into tongue like the iris,  
In order to kiss that rose  
Which gives brightness to the wine.

No. If I said it wrong,  
If all of you are sultans,  
Resembling Mars or the Moon,  
Come to your senses.  
Don't ask for a kiss from that unruly charmer.

O Beauty, who enlightens everywhere like the Moon,  
I opened the window. Come inside.  
Shine on my face just one evening.  
Put your cheek over mine.

**Close the door of the world.  
Open the window of the heart.  
You cannot kiss that beauty  
Whose face resembles the Moon  
Anywhere, but at that window.**



# Divân-i Re bîr

Meter 7a

Bahri Muctez

*Mefâilün failatün mefâilün failün*

# 1.

## Verse 1

*Page 138 of original Diwan*

**M**y brother, we have seen your face,  
Hearts have become slaves, slaves.  
Haven't you heard any words  
That shine and brighten the mind?

Am I not the one who wants to live  
With eternal joy and eternal pleasure?  
Wake up, come to your senses.  
I come to you; to you.

I wish you joy.  
His face is like a full Moon.  
Greatness, happiness and desire  
Shine there like a halo.

My heart becomes so drunk when I see  
His stature, his shape, his face and eyes.  
Just like I become drunk with the full glass  
He offers me.

Such unseeing beauty appears  
On his clean face which resembles the new Moon.  
His light shines and sparks my heart.



## 2.

### *Verse 6*

**C**atch all the wise, intelligent jhinns  
And put them inside of the bottle.  
Keep them there.  
Offer the blood of heart  
To those bloody criminals.

The ones who dress down our faces with cloths  
Are the ones who grab and run  
With the crowns and turbans  
Of thousands of great sultans.

They open their colorful wings  
With their grace and charm,  
Like the heart of lovers turned into a peacock.  
The ones who see that will become crazy.

When their light reflects on  
The greenish colored sky it becomes red.  
You think, what would happen to hearts?

They will raise thousands of crippled elderly  
With one drop of wine; make them dance around.

What has happened to the elderly is nothing.  
They create the fountain of life.  
They will give life to everything with only one look.

Who has ever seen such an agile, quick candy man,  
Who gives understanding and the ability  
To talk to parrots with only one lick of sugar.

What a pleasant, graceful, great exalted one.  
It is necessary to have company like that  
For the travel to greatness.

They call all the willing lovers.  
"Come on," they say, "Come forward and see."

They cannot take this love  
Away from us, even if they throw  
All the treasure of Kharun<sup>21</sup> in front of us.

Bring wine, O eternal cupbearer.  
You are the Soul of souls.  
Bring it and pour your red wine  
On the head of love.

Have this biting, catching wine  
Involved with heart for one moment;  
That heart that never listens to any beloved's advice.

What kind of wine is this?  
His hands made, and gave,  
His perfection to this wine.  
What kind of pearl is that?  
There is no pearl like that in any sea.

If a small glass of that wine  
Was offered to Mercury by the hand of Venus,  
Mercury would cool off from its anger,  
Its bile would calm down.

You and the wine are left.  
We have all vanished.  
Why do you hide your face from yourself?

You exist, but also the jealousy  
Of the lala<sup>22</sup> exists.  
He watches you.  
You killed thousands of lovers  
To keep the lala content.

He said "No, no," just to announce  
That he does not have his lala.  
Cut the neck of absence for the sake of existence.

Offer the lala one small glass of that wine.  
That wine; the one which destroys  
The knowlege and intelligence  
Of thousands of people,

Or look at me with your michievous eyes.  
Your looks give second life to the living.

Calm down, sprinkle water  
Over the dust of grief and sorrow.  
Put that fight, that struggle to sleep.

God of love, send him to us to hold, to embrace him.  
Because there is nobody who deserves  
To embrace that greatest of the great.

Alas! The gazel stayed half finished.  
I have lost my head, my feet.

Come, O Shems of Tebriz, rise to the sky.  
Shine everywhere, adorn the sign of Gemini  
With your beautiful essence.



### 3.

#### *Verse 29*

If you are in love with love,  
If you are searching for love,  
Draw your sharp dagger  
And cut the throat of shame and embarrassment.

You can be sure that  
Shame and embarrassment are the biggest  
Barriers on this road, this journey.  
Accept my words as they are because there  
Is no selfish motive in these words.  
They are clean and pure.

Why did Mecnun<sup>23</sup> make so many crazy things?  
How come that choice, insane one  
Has created so much craziness?

Sometimes he tore his clothes.  
Sometimes he ran to the mountains.  
Sometimes he tasted the poison.  
Sometimes he chose absence.

He caught so much big, beautiful prey,  
But look and see how much the Greatest  
Of the Great God's trap will catch.

Make sure that Leyla's face is worth everything.  
How does God lead his people?  
How can a person ascend the sky at night?



You haven't seen the divans of Vise-Ramin,<sup>24</sup>  
Haven't read the stories of Vamik-Azra.<sup>25</sup>

You are trying to avoid getting wet  
By lifting your trouser leg.  
Yet, you have to swallow  
So many waves in the sea.

The road of love is all drunkenness and humiliation,  
Because the torrent rushes down the stream.  
Have you seen a torrent which runs upstream?

O my friend, if you become a slave,  
Whose ear is pierced,  
You will be the ring stone in the circle of lovers.

As a matter of fact, this earth is a slave  
With an earring for the sky.  
Just as the organs become a slave to the soul.

Come and tell.  
What did the earth lose from these bonds?  
What favors didn't mind do for so many organs?

Son, it is not nice to beat the drum behind Kilim.<sup>26</sup>  
Come to the open like a brave one.  
Put the flag in the valley.

Open your ears and listen  
To the uproar of thousands reflected on the dome  
Of this sky from the cries of longing.

When love unties the buttons of the dress  
Hear the yells of angels and see the surprised houris.

The love which has been free from ups and downs,  
Sends so much suffering  
To the bottom and top of this universe.

When the sun rises, where does the night go?  
It won't be any trouble or hardship  
When the army of help arrives.

O, One who became Soul to the Soul of my soul,  
I become silent.  
You tell. In fact, all the particles  
Start talking with the love of Your face.



# 4.

## Verse 47

God has cooked halva<sup>27</sup> for Sufis.  
They are all seated in a circle.  
The halva is right in the center.

A thousand bowls of skulls  
Go to the table, which has been set in the sky,  
When a bite of halva drops  
Into the mouth from His cauldron.

A noise, an uproar started in the East and West.  
That would happen when the Sultan of Sultans  
Gives halva.

Envoys are coming, one by one, from the kitchen saying,  
"Angels have cooked halva in the sky."

When the body eats halva, it goes to the bathroom.  
But when the soul eats halva, it ascends to the throne.

O soul, make your head like feet.  
Turn around the cauldron of heart like a skimmer.  
Turn around so a skimmer full of halva  
Will get into your mouth.  
Your mouth will be filled.

The heart which is burned and blackened,  
Like a cauldron with the desire for halva  
Received a favor; a kindness.  
He was given halva instead of bread.

Be silent, A grain of halva  
Cannot be given to hundreds of buyers  
Unless God says, "Give."



## 5.

### *Verse 55*

**M**y Beloved is gone;  
Pale face, crying eyes.  
The "pity on me, pity on me", saying  
Remained as a gift to me.

Both my eyes are full of tears.  
The river Euphrates started flowing from those eyes.  
So did the pool of Kevser and the fountain of life,  
Which adds Soul to souls.

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Why doesn't my face become a goldsmith  
Since I have turned to the source  
Of beauty and charm; to that endless treasure?  
I don't know.

When he said, "pity on me," it was  
Because he is Jacob and separated from Joseph,  
Whose face resembles the Moon.

When he became coy and ascended  
To the sky saying, "I will scatter stars."  
The sun told him, "Bravo, long life."

He pulled me out of Soul's place;  
But I don't have the right or the power to ask,  
"Why did you do that?"

The one who calls Elest<sup>28</sup> of love  
Is trouble and punishment.  
A witness said, "Yes, there are hundreds  
Of troubles in love."

Trouble and grief are pearls.  
They make you more agile, quicker;  
Especially if they are the pearls of that sea.

I am His pigeon even if He drives me away.  
Where can I fly besides around His roof?

I have taken shelter in His shadow.  
Then I became a Sun and enlightened the whole world.  
Wherever that stately bird casts His shadow,  
That person becomes a sultan, finds sovereignty.

Invitation is enough.  
Leave the invitation and start praying.  
Even Jesus ascended to the fourth level  
Of sky with the wings of prayer.



## 6.

### *Verse 66*

○ Source of loyalty, generosity and favor,  
I swear by your beautiful soul that  
I can't be patient without you.  
O dear friend, come.

Is this the place for patience?  
Even if patience is the mountain of Kaf<sup>29</sup>  
It will melt and disappear  
With the sun of separation.

From the time of Adam  
To the time of one-eyed Deccal<sup>30</sup>,  
You cannot find any slave  
Who has given his heart, his soul to you.

If you believe or not,  
I swear on the pure ground of loyalty,  
I am loyal to Your love.

If I talk too much,  
If my words keep going on, don't blame me.  
"Maybe," I say, "You will understand me, somehow."  
That's why I keep talking.

I have such a fire that  
It keeps boiling my saucepan.  
If that fire reaches the dome of the sky,  
It will burn that.

The roof of the sky is not harmed by the sun  
Or by the fire of the sun.  
The smoke and fire of the sun  
Haven't blackened that.  
But even the sky cannot tolerate my fire.

Such a river of blood has flown  
From my existence that,  
I don't even know from where  
To where it flows.

How can I tell the river, "O river, don't flow?"  
How can I deal with, and fight the river?  
Go and tell the sea, "O sea, don't be rough?"

I am telling you for the sake of your sweet lips  
That have been blowing for me;  
This reed flute has no control.  
As long as you blow, it yells and whines.

Be silent, don't set this forest on fire.  
If you cannot be patient,  
Go by yourself and cry at His temple.





# 7.

## *Verse 76*

**B**ring the one who brings  
The friend to the friend and  
Pulls the angels from sky to earth.

Bring the one who puts the saddle  
On the Burak<sup>31</sup> of love to carry  
Muhammed to Mirac every night.

Go. Learn how to play with life from the moth.  
Because He calls you to the light of religion's candle.

God's revelation came.  
Open the ear of your soul and listen.  
Because sharp ears give God's seeing eyes to a person.

Live with soul. Think about soul. Stay with him.  
The longer you sit with him, the more  
You will get of his dispositions and attributes.

When you start drinking the wine of love  
Which is served by the soul's cupbearer;  
You'll keep drinking.

The image of the Beloved  
Gave you good news of union.  
Then that image that you surmise  
Will lead you to certainty.

You are Joseph at this well.  
The rope is the image of the Beloved  
Who pulls you up to the top of the sky.

He will tell you, at the day of union,  
Whether your mind is still in your head.  
"Didn't I tell you to do it that way?"  
In the end, he will pull you to this situation.

Jump. Jump and run away from this earth  
Like gazelles running from a lion.  
Even if this earth turned into treasure  
From end to end and became a mine,  
It still pulls you toward hatred and grudges.

Soul arrives on the threshold  
Of union with rectitude.  
If you are crooked, He pulls you  
To the silk and satin dress garment,  
Gets you involved with them.

Lean on thorns,  
Because at the end He picks you  
From the thorns and takes you  
To the lawn and meadow, to the rose garden  
And pulls you to the garden where jasmines are.

Drinks like sherbet are the curse  
And swearing of the enemy, for the beloved.  
Because these curses and this swearing  
Will cause you to reach your favors and praises.

Close your mouth. Don't talk. Be safe.  
The Sultan gives the key of the treasure  
Only to the trustworthy.



## 8.

### *Verse 90*

If my beloved comes from the door  
And embraces me, for God's sake,  
How nice it would be. How nice.

Just like the lion lays its paw  
On the wounded gazelle.  
If He touches me, for God's sake,  
How nice it would be. How nice.

If they pull the ones who are sheltered  
In the soil He stepped on to the  
Fourth level of sky, for God's sake,  
How nice that would be. How nice.

I am drunk, very drunk  
Because of those two drunken narcissus eyes.  
I wish they would serve me wine,  
Get rid of my hangover. For God's sake,  
How nice that would be. How nice.

If the soul who has seen troubles,  
Cries and whines and says to God,  
"I don't have anybody, but You." For God's sake,  
How nice that would be. How nice.

If the answer comes from that side,  
"I don't leave you to anybody from now on."  
For God's sake,  
How nice that would be. How nice.

If the night of union comes suddenly,  
And my night turns into day;  
Then I don't count the days and nights. For God's sake,  
How nice that would be. How nice.

With union to my rose-faced beloved,  
I will open like a rose.  
A spring breeze will come to me. For God's sake,  
How nice that would be. How nice.

I will find the field of sugar cane where  
My patience and decisions were lost. For God's sake,  
How nice that would be. How nice.

I will give the untrusted gift  
Which cannot fit in nine levels of sky  
To someone who deserves them. For God's sake,  
How nice that would be. How nice.

If I became drunk and passed completely  
Out of myself and fell on the ground,  
What would I see? What would I harvest?  
For God's sake,  
How wonderful that would be. How wonderful.



# 9.

## *Verse 101<sup>32</sup>*

**T**he festivity of Union has come to you,  
Don't be sorrowful, don't grieve anymore.  
You have reached auspicious gardens,  
How lucky is the one who stays there.

You are freed from all those separations  
Worse than patience; taxing troubles,  
And distress which put the affected ones in deprivation.

Shake the branch of that auspicious tree.  
Eat the fruits of the tree. Be merry.  
What nice fruits they are.<sup>33</sup>

Be beautiful and happy.  
You are freed from the town of evil people.<sup>34</sup>  
Because of them your heart was full of sorrow.  
Those days are over.



## 10.

### *Verse 105*

If the tree was able to go from one place to another,  
It would neither suffer from the saw  
Nor be inflicted with the wounds of cruelty.

Neither the sun nor the Moon could give light  
Nor shine on the world if they stayed  
In one place like a dead rock.

If they stood still like the sea,  
Both the rivers of the Euphrates,  
The Tigris and Oxus would be bitter.<sup>35</sup>

If our air stays in close,  
The well would become poison.  
Look and see. Even the air  
Suffers from coming to a standstill.

When sea water starts its journey,  
It goes up to the sky, becomes a cloud  
And is purified from bitterness.  
It turns into halva.

When the blaze of the fire calms down,  
It will be covered by ashes; be dead and gone.

See, Joseph of Canaan left his father's arms  
And started a journey.  
He went up to Egypt and reached a great rank.

See, Imran's son, Moses left  
His mother's arms and went to Medyen.  
On the way, he was exalted.

On the night of Ascention,  
Muhammed rode the horse, Burak.  
He reached the place of  
"Two bow's length away or nearer."<sup>36</sup>

See Ahmed, who has the religious law?  
He left Mecca, came back with an army,  
And conquered Mecca.<sup>37</sup>

See, the Son of Mary, Jesus?  
He kept travelling,  
Then turned into the Fountain of Life,  
And brought the dead back to life.

If you haven't been bored or tired,  
I could count, one by one, two by two,  
Or three by three, the guests of the world  
Who started the journey.

I have shown just a few of them.  
You learn the rest.  
Start the journey from yourself to God's goodness.



# 11.

## Verse 118

**G**od gave me wine, and you the vinegar.  
Neither you nor I have any reason to argue.

Wine is a share of the rose.  
The hangover is for the thorn.  
He knows everybody; gives whatever they deserve.

Sugar can't be bitter just to please you.  
The place for sugar is the heart of halva

He gave you the ability to whine.  
You keep whining.  
He made me a musical instrument.  
He kept blowing to me.

The Beloved is looking at my face very sweetly.  
I would keep looking at him  
And free myself from ostentation.

If there is a bitter sugar in the world,  
Then expect a bitter face from me.  
If not, don't expect the impossible  
And don't go after it.

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If there is a crying rose in the world,  
I would cry and whine like those roses.



God gave me only trouble,  
To find rhyme to the poems.  
Then He saved me from that later.

Pick up this poem tear it up like an old poem.  
In any case, meanings don't care for words, airs or winds.



## 12.

### *Verse 127*

**H**appiness came to me at early dawn  
And gave me three kisses.  
How happy that morning  
I was helped, how lucky.

O Heart, what dream did you see last night  
That happiness opened a door for you this morning?

Did I see a dream that the Moon came to pick me up,  
Lifted me above the clouds and left me there?

I have seen hearts that were ruined on His way  
Making melodies and singing.  
"Right now that has happened to me."

There are lots of things between love and my heart.  
I remember a little bit, a little right now.

It appears that love was born from me.  
Don't believe that.  
In fact, I was born from love.

O One whose attributes appear;  
Whose essence is hidden like soul.  
I vow by Your essence,  
That all my desires and longings are for You.

Kisses come from you all the time,  
But I am behind the curtain of nature.  
I can't see who is kissing me nor  
Who is letting me give a kiss?  
I don't know.

Don't quit being sorry for me,  
Otherwise I would fall into want.  
There, I beg for help. Help me.

Instead of giving me a kiss,  
I would still be happy if He Swears a curse on me.  
There is something between me and the Master.  
What can I do?



# 13.

## *Verse 137*

**Y**ou hold my ear, pulling me somewhere,  
But where?  
Tell me, what is in your heart?  
Where are you taking me?

What did you cook for me  
Last night, my dear?  
God knows what schemes there are  
In the mind of love.

The ear of the sky, earth, and stars  
Are all in Your hand.  
Where are they going?  
Naturally the place you say.

You hold one ear of every creature.  
But, you are holding both my ears.  
And I yell, scream at the top of my voice,  
"Long life, live long." for You.

When the slave gets older,  
The Master grants his freedom.  
I got old, He made me a slave again.

The intensity of the resurrection  
Grays the hair of children  
Even if they rise from their grave with white hair.  
Yet, Your resurrection makes old people's  
Hair black and rejuvenates them.

**You bring death to life; rejuvenate the old.  
I stay silent now. I would keep praying.**



# 14.

## Verse 144

**G**od taught the names of everything  
To Adam because of His jealousy.  
Adam saw the particles,  
Which are a cover to God's face, as a whole existence.

Yet, jealousy can only be felt against others.  
Since there is no other existence or presence  
Why would the "One-and-only God"  
Show One as two?

The mouth of the universe, which stays silent,  
Is full of secrets.  
Even so, what prevents the one who talks so nicely,  
Uses and measures the words so nicely,  
From saying anything?

Sweet lips who are telling the truth are  
Closing our mouth with continuous kisses.  
It is impossible to talk.

Between the kisses and wine glasses,  
Never mind talking.  
It is impossible to even make a sign .

How nicely they hurt and cut the words  
With the bite of kisses.  
Simply cutting the way of fights  
And trouble with instigation.

Beauties are boiling and overflowing  
When they become drunk.  
What would restrain the drunk who has no fear?

Granite rocks won't be afraid of water  
If the mountain becomes flat like calm waves,  
And everywhere turns into a sea.

But, if stones change to water  
And water is frozen like stone,  
Then watch how the Sultan,  
Who sees and knows everything, covers everywhere.

When war changes to peace,  
And peace turns into war,  
Watch the creator and the art of the Master's hand,  
Who knows everything and does as he wishes.

Cover your face. Cover it.  
It is for the beauties to cover their face and hide.  
You found us weak and humble.  
We have totally submitted to You.

Look at this. The lion is facing the rabbit.  
But still, don't close the door of understanding totally.

Look at that stupidity.  
I am the one advising you to do it or not to do it.  
It looks like a half-life fly advising the phoenix.

It looks like a pale face fighting with bile,  
A piece of straw cutting the road of the sea.

Beloved, are you lightning or a fire?  
You left us alone at neither a halting place nor at home.

I would be boasting with you,  
But You forbid drunkenness.  
I don't know any praise about myself.  
I have no shame.

How and when should I repent my sins?  
My repentance is my guilt and sin.  
How can I quit love and grab something else?  
Love is my friend and neighbor.

My mind tells me,  
"Don't deviate from the right way,  
Don't turn to badness."  
But You are the One who foreordains  
The cause of my actions.





# 15.

## Verse 162

**M**y heart is crying with the fire of longing,  
For that is the way he is expecting to hear  
Your invitation from the door of Union.

My heart resembles Huseyin,<sup>38</sup>  
Separation is like Yezid<sup>39</sup>.  
Hundreds of times my heart  
Has been martyred at the desert of Kerbela.

He was martyred in appearance,  
But he is alive in the land of absence.  
He was a prisoner according to the eyes of the enemy.  
But he is the Sultan of sultans in his own world.

Your beloved is sitting in the heaven of Union.  
He is free from the dungeon of hunger, famine, and expense.

If the roots of His tree are not in the land of absence,  
Why has the flower of union bloomed and scattered openly?

Be silent, and talk with the language of the soul.  
Because the Self has been talking,  
And says it isn't enough.



# 16.

## Verse 168

**W**here am I?

Where are the sorrows and pleasures of these words?

Where am I?

Where do I fall into the rain gutter of grief?

Why shouldn't I go to my own world?

Where is heart?

Where is the view of this mud world?

I am neither a donkey nor the slave to take care of it.

Where am I?

Where is the care of the saddle?

You have passed a thousand years

Beyond the level of intelligence, doubts and illusions.

Where are you?

Where are the pressures of bad thought.

You are a bird with four feet.

You will fly up to the sky.

Where are you?

Where is the hole in the roof and stairway?

You are like Adam.

You have been exiled from heaven just for a snake.

How can you be comfortable with the place

Where all the snakes and scorpions are now?

You are man and don't consider anybody a goat.

Where are you?

Where are the humdrum shepherds?

There are thousands of shouts  
Coming from the top of the sky.  
Yet you don't even bother to search for them.

Heart, heart, come to the bottom of things.  
Listen to the old sayings.  
"Where is the sky? Where is the rope?"

Bring the bad wine.  
Offer it to the mature people.  
Is this proper? Where am I?  
Where is the one who goes  
Through every charlatan's trouble?

Come to the tavern.  
Get inside and lock the door.  
Where are you?  
Where is the good and bad of the people?

Don't expect to find an end to your life.  
You have God's attributes.  
There is no beginning and no end for God.

Death breaks your cage,  
But doesn't touch the bird.  
Where is death?  
Where is the wing of eternal birds?

Be silent, you talk too much,  
Nobody has listened. No one has heard.  
On which roof has this drum been beaten?  
Where is that explanation?  
Nobody has understood.



# 17.

## Verse 182

**B**eloved, you are better and faster  
Than the breath which comes  
From early dawn's breeze.  
There is nobody who will give up breathing  
Or have enough of breathing.

Who gives up breathing? Who has enough?  
You are such a breath that God said that  
He would bring death to life.  
God said that about you.

When the mouth of body closes  
To the breath which enlivens humans,  
The mouth of the grave opens  
And swallows that body.

Blow your breath in me  
So my sack will be inflated.  
I will float on the sea;  
Flow on top of the sea.

There isn't a single day  
That You don't blow like that.  
If there was such a day  
A single blade of grass wouldn't grow  
In the plains and valleys.

You have another breath,  
Which is the kind of breath  
That stays in when that wind comes out of these lips.  
Don't blow that.



# 18.

## Verse 188

If you don't know love,  
Ask about it from the night.  
Ask of love from pale faces and dry lips.

How does water reflect the stars and moon,  
Bodies expound the mind and Soul?

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Soul learns so many manners and rules from love,  
That it is impossible to learn them from schools.

How does the bright Moon  
Appear among the stars in the sky?  
The lover also appears and shows the same way  
Among hundreds of people.

Mind knows all the ways and means,  
But doesn't know the way of love;  
Becomes utterly confused.

The one who tasted love's fountain of life,  
Has the heart of Hizir.  
All the pure, clear springs of water  
Mean nothing to him.

Don't bother to go to the garden.  
Watch Damascus in the heart of a lover.  
See the waves,  
The rose garden and meadows of Medina.<sup>40</sup>

What is Damascus?

The heart of the lover is such a heaven

That it is filled by houris and angels.

Comprehension is astonished by such faces and necks.

Its tasty wines give neither nausea nor hangovers,

Nor does the taste of its halva

Cause boils or increase temperatures.

From the sultan to the poor,

Everybody is in the hand of greed and hope.

Keep struggling.

The soul is only freed from greed and desires by love.

What boasting comes to love

From the one who receives it?

What trust comes to the lion from foxes?

I cannot find any ripe fruit

On the sapling of this earth.

My teeth have become dull

Because of these unripe fruits.

Give up all rides.

Keep flying in the sky and in the air

With the wings of love, like the sun.

Neither the sense of strangeness and loneliness

Of the ones who are lonely comes to the heart of lovers,

Nor the fear of separation from the Whole

To the ones who are made with many pieces.

His help has chosen him to help souls.  
The One who creates reason created him to create reason.

The deputy of love came in the door  
To chase the judge of kab;  
To save his heart from nonsense and words,  
From hazard and accidents.

What a strange world. What a strange poem.  
Its order hasn't been seen sending thousands  
Of exaltations to the poems already written.

Everything you have seen in the world,  
New and fresh, are the destitute of love.  
Because love is the gold mine,  
It is what adorns them with gold.

O Love, you took my mind with your deceptions.  
"No never," I said, "I was wrong, I lied."  
You attract my mind with your beauty  
And with your charm."

O Love, I wanted to mention you with thanks,  
But my mind became confused in your channels.

Even if I praise love  
With a hundred thousand languages,  
His beauty and charms  
Are far better than those beyond these praises.



# 19.

## *Verse 209*

*L*et's go rent a house next to the sea,  
Because pearls are His offer.  
His disposition is generosity.

Soul will take the color  
Of the person with whom it talks and deals.  
Stars become beautiful because  
They talk and communicate with the sky.

The body has a nice face and a good disposition  
Because it deals with and hangs around soul.  
What will happen to the poor body  
If it is separated from soul?

A hand has all the skills  
As long as it is attached to the body.  
If it is separated,  
It falls to the ground and disappears.

Where is your skill, O hand?  
Aren't you the same hand?  
No. This is the time of separation.  
That was the time of union.

For that reason,  
Accept the coyness of the beloved.  
The coyness of the beloved  
Is sweeter than tons of halva.



You haven't seen separation.  
God will save you from that.  
That is the prayer;  
And no other prayer would be better.

Our partial "Self" is separated  
From the "Universal Self."  
It came down from greatness,  
By the order of "Descend."<sup>41</sup>

He became like a severed hand,  
Separated from his work and business,  
Became prey for a cat.  
What a banal business; what trouble that is.

All the lion's paws were broken in his hand.  
Now he has become a toy for the cat,  
And moves from side to side.

If any artery pulsates,  
It pulsates because of the hope of union.  
So many cut hands have found the glory of reunion.

That is nothing for the Sultan  
Who brings all separate parts together.  
Pieces of smoke become sky in His hand.

He is such a Sultan of the Universe,  
That He is the Master of patching  
And mending the pieces together.  
Look at the cells of our body.

Since You broke our harp, repair this broken one.  
Look, our reed flute is begging for You to blow on it.

Because, even that piece of cane gives so many souls,  
And wonders when he is going to blow,  
So it can make nice melodies.



## 20.

### *Verse 224*

Where is our cupbearer?  
He should come to destroy us;  
Wipe out the thoughts of our hearts  
Which belong to yesterday and tomorrow.

Birds will have a hard time  
Finding a tree like Him  
In which to build a nest.  
Love's army needs a commandant like Him.

When He blows a spell in the jar,  
Hundreds of fairies fly from  
The heart and start their journey.

Where is that hunting lion?  
Where are his lovely attacks?  
That musk gazelle will fill up the valley.

Light comes from the East, from the sun.  
The human race came from Adam and Eve.

Where is the sea of truth?  
Where is the cloud of kindness?  
Where is the one who causes  
Springs to flow from rocks?

Where is our Sultan?  
He is invisible, but He is the One  
Who covers our eyes with His spells.

He ties your eyes in such a way,  
That you will see the particles.  
But, you don't see the sun at midday.

You see the boat, but you don't see the waves,  
Because of His sorcery.

The rolling of the boat tells you about the sea;  
Like the blind feel people with their movements.

Haven't you read the verse,  
"God has set a seal on you?"<sup>42</sup>  
He sets the seal, but He is the  
One who opens the seal and lifts the curtains.

You have seen things in your dreams  
When your eyes are closed.  
When the curtain is lifted from your eyes,  
That's the time you will see everything.

Don't be surprised.  
Soul is the curtain of the Beloved.  
Immerse in austerity.  
Give up the fights which come from "Self."

There is something more fascinating than that.  
All the creatures are flying like moths,  
And you don't see the candles of Soul.

O our eyes, what have you done wrong,  
That He covered and tied a blindfold on you?  
Cry. Repent. Don't err.

For that Soul, flesh has to be mortified.  
To achieve his goal, one has to make  
His head like feet and walk on them.

Be silent.  
Hear God's revelation,  
Which tells and explains that it  
Is better than a hundred thousand souls.



## 21.

### *Verse 241*

Where is the soul's player that thousands of heads  
Will be filled with love at his sound of "come"?

I have decided not to tell,  
But I will tell anyway.  
Where is the one who keeps his oath?  
Where am I?

If repentance grows on earth and covers  
Everything, like grass, love cuts it off in one moment.

Because repentance resembles advice,  
The sea becomes rough with mountainous waves  
And doesn't listen to advice.

O Love, you are frowning.  
This is not like you. Relax. Smile.

I don't like anybody's work  
Or business in the world,  
Because I have watched your perfection.

Your face rose from the East.  
I heard the words, "What a Beautiful Master,"  
From the particles of everything.

There is such a sweetness in this rough sea, that,  
A thirst was born in the heart of water from that taste.

God gave a remedy for each and every suffering created.  
But there is no beginning of the beginning for love's illness.  
That has no remedy.

"Assuming," you said, "there is a cure for that disease."  
How can you believe this dome of sky  
Can be plastered by mud?

The one whose soul said, "Absence is my praise,<sup>43</sup>"  
Doesn't need a crown, throne or flag.

The garden and orchard of truth  
Cover everything, everywhere on earth.  
Why do they still go to pasture  
At the poisonous greens? Why?

The mouth is full of words, but it is impossible to tell.  
For the soul of all heroes, you tell the rest of it.



## 22.

### *Verse 254*

Tomorrow I would go to the tailor of Love  
With that long dress,  
That thousand yards of affection.

He is such a tailor that he cuts  
You off from Yezid<sup>44</sup> and sews you to Zeyd.  
Separates you from that one,  
Makes you a friend with this one.

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He patches you to that brave one.  
You'll give your heart all your life.  
He has neither silk thread,  
Tacking, nor skilled hands.

When you are attached with a whole heart  
He cuts you off with invisible scissors.  
The order of "come down,"<sup>45</sup> separates you.

I am bewildered from His gathering, His separating;  
Just like moment to moment changes of a crazy heart.  
He also enforces the ones he wants to tear apart;  
Destroys the others.

Heart is like a sand box.  
He is the heart's engineer.  
He draws such shapes on the sand's surface,  
Puts on such numbers, such truths,  
And writes such names.



He multiplies you with someone else, like numbers,  
And gets such results from this multiplication.

You have seen multiplication,  
Watch how to divide.  
Look how He gives particles to the sea.

He merged opposite things with force;  
Mixed them together.  
Be silent. All these wonders  
Confuse the mind, the intelligence.



## 23.

### Verse 263

Why are you looking at my face with confusion,  
O young one?  
There is proof of love on my face.  
Pay attention. See that.

I wonder if you see the place where  
Love made a brand on my face.  
"We have brought down, prearranged."<sup>46</sup>  
Writing is written on that brand.

The water of hizir is very sweet  
And I am very thirsty.  
I want a thousand water bags of water;  
A thousand stomachs.

How do you expect loyalty from the one  
Who has lost his heart?  
When heart goes, loyalty and cruelty go.

I swear by that ruined heart, by that flourishing beauty,  
Your image fits nicely in our ruined country.

The cries of souls came from the land of absence,  
Woke me up last night at the time of prayer.

Shall I talk about these cries or the ones who cry?  
The ear is filled with cries.  
The beauty of the ones who wail fill my eyes.

O my brother, you didn't have any constancy.  
Neither did I.

Look and see; desires and problems  
Are dragging you in all directions.

You look like a ball in the middle of hundreds of clubs.  
You are rolling all over the mountains and valleys.

Where is the intention of the sultan?  
Where is the desire of the ball?  
Where is the stature and shape of the Beloved,  
And where is his voice which calls, "Come on?"

I become exuberant like the sea, because of longing.  
O Sultan who knows and O talking pearl,  
You tell the rest.



## 24.

### Verse 274

What a lucky person you are  
That God called you.  
Enter the door with happiness.  
God opened His door for you.

Who opens the closed door?  
"The One who opens doors."<sup>47</sup>  
Who sets the table in the yurts?<sup>48</sup>  
The one who gives sustenance.

Who splits the fruits and tells the tree,  
"Grow high and scatter your dates?"

Who is the One who plays  
The reed flute under the ground?  
Who is the One who becomes a mother  
For sweets, a sultan for taste and rules the world?

Who is the One who changes dirt to gold and silver  
In the palm of the mine?  
Who is the One who turns a drop of water  
Into a pearl inside of the shell?

You are saved from body, as well as from soul,  
With the pull of love.  
With the ecstasy of ayet,<sup>49</sup>  
"They are closer than the length of two bows."<sup>50</sup>  
You went even beyond that stage.

Why does the phoenix of heart fly that high?  
He hears the whistle of the  
Greatest of the Great, God. That's why.

The sun became your musician.  
Tulips screamed and roses prostrated  
In front of the cypress-statured Beloved.

Do you know why the rose,  
Which is in full bloom, is smiling?  
It's prayers are granted  
Because of the spring season, that's why.

The rose sensed the smell of the shirt of Joseph,  
Opened its mouth and started laughing and saying,  
"Good news, good news."

The rose garden says to the cold winter,  
"I am not afraid of pillage because of the bright  
Justice of the Sultan of Sultans.  
Do whatever you want.  
Don't leave anything behind."

The rose says to winter,  
"The sky and earth are like an apple in His hand;  
Even less worthy than this.  
You grab my leaf, but where will you be taking it?  
Where?

This is the same for everybody.  
He is the meaning of the Universe.  
Since this is the case, where could names go,  
Except to the deed of meaning?

According to the judgment of, "I desired to be known."<sup>51</sup>  
The name is the acquisition of meaning.  
Meaning becomes visible with the name.  
For that reason, the soul eyes of the wise ones  
Gave up names.

Even if he doesn't have a staff, his hands don't shine.  
Harun<sup>52</sup> knows Kelim<sup>53</sup> with his spiritual knowledge.

They would definitely keep turning  
Around His door and His roof,  
Because the sun and Moon act generous from His light.

God called Himself, Nur<sup>54</sup>  
And created eyes from that light.  
Be a slave and a servant to those eyes.

Never mind all that; watch your hands, don't touch.  
Our Joseph is strolling behind that curtain.

There is no place for "hand" here, no word about it.  
Mind and intelligence have gone out of hand because  
The cupbearer keeps giving peace and decision to heart,  
And wine is very strong; makes a person drunk.

Be silent. He will explain all this  
When the brightness of light comes from above.  
Surely that is much better.



## 25.

### *Verse 294*

Heart, what kind of wine  
Did you drink from the Cupbearer  
For whom there is no end of His end?  
You're making noises and starting fights  
Moment by moment.

I wonder if you hear the call of Venus,  
At the time for drinking the morning wine,  
Saying, "I set the table, come now."

Trouble is like pearls.  
Drink it like sherbet. Play with pearls.  
Why are you running away?  
Your escape is the real trouble.

The devout one sits in the middle  
Of the crowd with the glass in his hand.  
He doesn't care, has no fear of people,  
Because "nobody sees me," he says.

What kind of glass is that?  
Head's eyes won't see it.  
Now, you also take a glass from the hand  
Of the Cupbearer of meaning and drink it.



## 26.

### *Verse 299*

That beauty saw me, but didn't ask me  
How I was doing. I wonder why?  
He frowned and passed through the window. Why?

What was the reason? What did I do?  
What bad thing have I done to him?  
What has he seen from me,  
That he had dust in his memory?

What is his intent on the life  
Off his lover since early dawn?  
Why did he draw his Zulfekaar<sup>55</sup>?

When I saw his rose-face become pale,  
Why did my poor heart grow a thousand thorns?

Heart is relieved when  
He opens his lips and smiles.  
Why does the success of work and business  
Depend on those lips?

When he gets angry and frowns,  
Why does my wounded heart tie knot after knot?

Why does soul do so much  
That is related to His cheers and joy?  
If I don't see Him one moment,  
Why do I melt like that? Why?

When He turns His face the world is darkened.  
Neither the day nor my mind stay with me. Why?



Why did our Beloved's heart turn cool to us?  
Why do God's favors, which do  
Whatever He wants, cease being with us?

Maybe he is God's Grace.  
We haven't said it right.  
If it wasn't for God's Grace,  
His beauty wouldn't be endless and matchless.

If the grace of God manifests without shapes,  
Why do the prophets become the ones  
Who control the curtain.



## 27.

*Verse 310* <sup>56</sup>

**T**he happiness of all weddings should come  
To be part of our wedding, my God.

The happiness of Kadir's night,  
The month of fasting,  
The union of Adam and Eve!

The happiness like Joseph  
When he was reunited with Jacob!  
An outing at the paradise of Meva<sup>57</sup>!

The happiness of things cannot be told in words.  
All of them would be scattered  
To the descendents of our great Master.

They will be compatible, like milk and honey.  
They will mix with each other like sugar and halva.  
They will show loyalty. They will be unified.

The happiness of the chapter of Tebareke<sup>58</sup>  
Would be their friend and relative, their Cupbearer.  
Whoever says Amen to that  
Would have the same happiness.



## 28.

### *Verse 316*

Don't quit the work for your soul. Don't sleep.  
Consider one night less from your life.  
Stay awake. Don't sleep.

You sleep a thousand nights for your desire.  
What would happen if you didn't sleep  
For one night, for the Beloved's sake?

Go alone with the Beloved  
Who doesn't sleep at night.  
Give your heart to Him. Don't sleep.

Remember the night of sickness,  
When you cried all night long,  
Saying. "My God, my God?"  
Be afraid of that night. Don't sleep.

Remember the night that death will come and say,  
"It is necessary to have a guest."  
Don't sleep, for the sake of bitterness, that night.

Remember the great earthquake  
Which turned rocks into water?<sup>59</sup>  
If you are not stone, remember this and don't sleep.

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Black night is a quick cupbearer.  
Don't drink the glass he offers you.  
Be afraid of that hangover. Don't sleep.

God said, "Friends don't sleep at night."<sup>60</sup>

If you hear that, if you become ashamed, don't sleep.

If you're afraid of that long, unforgiving, intense evening,  
Make this evening a provision to yourself. Don't sleep.

You have heard that the great ones  
Will reach their wishes at night.  
For the love of the Sultan of Sultans,  
Who has all the wishes, don't sleep.

Even your mind, your intelligence become hard and dry.  
They offer you fresh mind and essence.  
O the One who keeps expecting you becomes essence.  
Don't sleep.

I kept telling you a thousand times; I said, "Be silent."  
No help from these words.  
Bring one that will be equivalent  
To a thousand. Don't sleep.



## 29.

### *Verse 328*

The rebab<sup>61</sup> is the fountain of love.  
It is the friend of friends.  
Arabs say the clouds are like a rebab.

How does the cloud water the rose, the rose garden?  
The rebab is also food for the soul,  
The Cupbearer of essence.

If you blow on the fire, it will burst into flame.  
If you blow on the ground, you raise nothing but dust.

The rebab is a clear, obvious call;  
Keeps inviting you to the Sultan's side.  
But the raven doesn't come  
To the sultan with the drum's beat.<sup>62</sup>

It opens the most difficult knot of lovers.  
When the lover has no difficulty,  
It becomes like sweet water and flows into him.

The solution of an animal's problem is grass.  
Dough, which is kneaded by the yeast of sleep,  
Is the seed of its lust.

Where is the donkey?  
Where is the talk of Jesus' love?  
God, who opens doors,  
Did not open this door for him.

Love is the dress of the soul that lifts  
The curtain and goes to the kingdom of Union.  
Love is the necklace of,  
"We have honored the children of Adam."<sup>63</sup>

Hearts get together for the only  
Important thing with His sound.  
God's sound keeps lovers from confusion.

Don't talk much about love to the ones  
Who are restricted with their body.  
Their duties are fear, hope,  
Good deeds, guilt and such things.



# 30.

## *Verse 338*

**Y**ou don't have love. Go and sleep.  
That's what you deserve.  
His love and His grief are our share.  
You go to sleep.

We have been divided in pieces  
By the beloved sun of grief.  
Yet, not even a trace of desire appeared  
Inside of you.  
Go to sleep.

We are running like water looking for His contention.  
You don't even worry about where He is.  
Go to sleep.

The way of love is beyond the seventy two sects.  
Your love, your way is deceit and show.  
Go to sleep.

The wine He gives in the morning is our breakfast.  
His charm and grace, our dinner.  
Instead, you are after eating and drinking.  
Sleep. Sleep.

We are melting down like copper  
With the desire of secret substance.  
The pillow and mattress are your substance.  
Go to sleep.

You are falling down here and there like a drunk.  
Night has gone, now is the time for prayer.  
Go to sleep.

Fate and destiny took our sleep.  
Go my young man, sleep the sleep  
That you missed.  
Go to sleep.

We are in the hand of love now.  
Let's see what He will do to us.  
You are still with yourself.  
Sleep on your right side.

I am drinking blood.  
You eat meals.  
Naturally meals bring sleep.  
That's obvious.  
Sleep. Sleep.

I gave up all my hope  
For mind and intelligence from my head.  
Instead, you are expecting brand new ideas and hopes.  
Go, fall asleep.

I tear the dress of alphabet.  
I quit talking.  
You are not naked, you have a dress.  
Go to sleep.





# 31.

## *Verse 350*

The lover is the Moon shown among the stars.  
It shines brilliantly, come and see.  
Know that the one who becomes drunk  
From manifestation becomes a guide  
Even to the Moon and shows the way.

If a camel climbs a minaret in the middle of the day  
While everyone is watching; if someone asks,  
"Where? Where?" For sure, he is blind.

If there are a hundred thousand  
Immature people around the lover, close my eyes.  
I will show you where the lover is.

Come close, give me your ear.  
I will tell you, the one who speaks  
Through my mouth and my lips,  
Is a fairy-faced beauty.

The man who is in love with my fairy  
Is not born from Adam, his mother is not Eve.

Don't be surprised if the one who sees my beauty,  
Whose face is like the Moon, falls into the fire  
Like the sun and becomes headless and footless like the sky.

Look at the cut head rolling in blood.  
It doesn't stop for even one moment  
I wonder if this is the head of John the Baptist?

His head, without a body,  
Which turns around day and night;  
His ups and downs resemble the sun and moon.

If mind has a mind in this world,  
It would come and say, "What an amazing thing this is."

The one who sees the face of heart  
Is the one who has mind and intelligence.  
The one who hears the Kamet<sup>64</sup> of the soul.  
Has the capacity to call the people.

See the one whose face  
Turned into saffron at the garden?  
Pale faces and hearts full of trouble  
Are the brands on those faces.

Be silent.  
If you have any sense,  
Don't open any secrets.  
But, when our fairy is with us,  
Don't look for sense and reason from us.

Shems of Tebriz, for whom Tebriz is praised,  
Grabbed my mind from the circle of my brain.



## 32.

### *Verse 363*

What kind of pearl are you  
That nobody can measure your value?  
What is in the hand of world that is not your donation?

The one who lives without You,  
The one who spends his life without  
Seeing Your face deserves worse than that.  
That man doesn't deserve You.  
Even that would give him a gentle reprisal.

I want to scatter heart and soul  
To the soil You step on, every moment.  
In fact, put soil on the head of the one  
Who hasn't become dirt under Your feet.

Your air is the most auspicious air for all the birds.  
What an unlucky bird is the bird  
Which doesn't fly in Your air.

Even the best swimmer cannot  
Save himself among the wave of events,  
Because he doesn't know You.  
He can't swim to Your standard.

There is no end to this universe.  
Even if there is, you don't consider that.  
Because He is not aware of your nothingness.

The pawn which is checkmated by Your king,  
Is the luckiest of pawns.  
The face which keeps seeing  
Your face is the happiest face.

I am not afraid of the wounds  
That You inflicted on me.  
The heart, which is not burned by Your fire of trouble,  
Is raw and cold.

The face of heart that has not been  
Annihilated turns to the world of existence.  
You run him away from the land of absence  
By saying, "Go. This is not your country."

There are no numbers for Your praises  
And for the ones who praise You.  
Is there any particle whose head is not dizzy  
Praising You?

As Nizami<sup>65</sup> said in his poem, I say the same,  
"Don't torment me.  
I have no power to endure Your cruelty."



# 33.

## Verse 374

**I** swear to that heart,  
Which has nothing but Your love inside,  
I cannot like anybody who is not Your friend.

My soul will always have troubles and grief  
If it is not sacrificed to You.  
My eyes will not be able to see any part of You,  
Will become blind if they don't cry for You.

If my hopes for someone else shouldn't materialize,  
If my being is not for You,  
It should be ruined and destroyed.

Is there any charm or beauty that is  
Not from the reflection of Your light?  
Is there a Sultan or master who is not Your poor?

Don't let my heart become the way  
My enemies wanted it to be.  
Look and see.  
All my heart wants is Your contention.

I can't have the kaza<sup>66</sup> of a moment I spent without You.  
But what's the use?  
Whatever comes to me is all from your fate.

O Heart, give your soul, play with your Soul.  
Why are you so worried about it?  
Don't you ever have your God?

Don't you be a quiver with love for yourself.  
Let someone else do this for you.  
I swear by your soul that there  
Is no enemy of yourself, but you.



## 34.

*Verse 382*

**T**he ones who know this union  
Become bairam<sup>67</sup>, the eve of bairam.  
They decorate the ones who know your value.

In order to share the grace and favors of God,  
Who grants wishes, take care of the things which  
Come from a distance, like the new Moon.

They are bringing alms  
From the treasure of the Sultan  
To give to the bankrupt and penniless.

They put the keys of salvation under their arms.  
They are coming to open closed doors.

Every soul which has heard the voice of,  
"Come and get your alms and charity."  
Is coming with a big basket.

Come. Come to Imran's son, Moses of Mount Sinai,  
Where woolen cloth is dyed.  
See the alms of sultans scattered.  
Watch His favors.

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The abundance of gold tears the bag from side to side.  
The heaviness of sugar cane breaks the baskets.

But, how much could an ant  
Carry from the harvest of two worlds?  
Be silent, only don't stray too far.  
Hear the sound of prayers.





# 35.

Verse 389

The world and the works  
Of the world are nothing but hot air.  
How can you make wind responsible  
For the things it does, both good and bad?

But, look at the building Muhammed has built;  
Six hundred fifty years have passed<sup>68</sup> since the Hegira,<sup>69</sup>  
And it stays firm.  
What a strong building.

Ebu-Lehep<sup>70</sup> and people like him,  
Are all gone and forgotten.  
Their stories were told just to give advice.

How could wind stay and last that long?  
Even the legendary mountain Kafdag  
Can't be an example, it cannot last.

The effect of Jesus' breath;  
The praying of Uzeyr<sup>71</sup> are eternal gifts;  
The light of the Master.

Word is said with breath.  
Breath will be gone.  
But the word that stays  
On the morning breeze passes through,  
But gardens and meadows will be pleased and full of joy.

Earth trembles like leaves with the fear of wind.  
You don't know, but there is a steel sword in the wind.

There is a piece of straw  
Which doesn't know anything but wind.  
A piece of straw cannot penetrate  
A mountain like Ferhat.

Waves of screams are overflowing in my heart,  
But, it doesn't matter how much I yell,  
You wouldn't be aware of them.

When you see the sea; when its waves hit you,  
You'll understand that it was not the wind.  
It was a prosperous country, a great kingdom.



# 36.

## Verse 399

Wines have been offered  
From the sun of happiness to me.  
The cells of my body became  
A knob on the door of the tavern.

Come, watch the face of our sun.  
That face is the Garden of Eden.  
Stay in the shade of His hair  
Which is divided in the middle.  
That shade is the heavens.

He did favors to the earth and sky,  
Kindly ordered them to come.<sup>72</sup>  
Earth and sky became drunk from that order.  
They passed out of themselves.

The place the Sultan set His throne  
Is out of existence and absence.  
The place for the matters of existence  
And non-existence is hundreds of thousands  
Of years away from there.

Thousands of doors of pleasure  
Are opened in the heart.  
Hurry up, because it is no good  
To delay the business.<sup>73</sup>

There are lives there that create living  
Because the sultan of truth  
Is not the king to be checkmated.

There are ones who ascend to heaven each  
Moment from the ladder of heart.  
Look at the glasses full of blood.  
That is the evidence.

In the air Shems of Tebriz has,  
The subject could be neither mills  
Nor talking about the sky.



# 37.

Verse 407

It is your right to smile to the whole world.  
Every right and wrong becomes  
A slave and servant to your eyebrow, your stature.

The kingdom falls at your feet,  
Puts its head to the ground in front of you.  
Human and fairies are both headless  
And footless on your way.

Yesterday, my soul went  
To the rose garden with love.  
But He did not see you.  
He stayed there only a very short time.

He ran away from the rose garden  
By prostrating himself, like water,  
And started looking for the river of auspiciousness  
Which is the source of everything.

Wise men hear your story from my heart.  
They all scream saying,  
"This one is also the drunk of our charmer."

Humans and fairies are all gathered around me,  
Asking me to show signs from the East.  
"Your breath resembles the morning breeze," they say.

There is such pleasure and sweetness in that grief.  
What a beautiful sorrow that is.  
Hundreds of thousands of treasures  
Of loyalty are hidden in that.

Shems of Tebriz gave his head,  
Then went on a journey.  
But don't still ask me  
If "The sun has a face, a head?"



# 38.

## Verse 415

Anything which keeps you away from the Beloved  
Is bad.

Even if it is pleasant.

Wherever you turn your face without Him,  
It is no good.

It is nice for the fruit which stays in the peel,  
Before it becomes mature.

But once it is ripened,  
The shell is not good.

When a bird develops its wings inside of the egg,  
You can be sure the egg becomes a curtain,  
And impediment for the bird.

A person tries to get along  
With people on earth with good dispositions.  
If people don't recognize the truth,  
Those beautiful dispositions appear bad to them.

If man separates, even a little bit,  
That period of separation cannot be considered short.  
Even a small piece of hair is not good for an eye.

You have fallen into this separation.  
All your life has been spent searching.  
If you are still looking  
At the time of death, that is not good.

Quit telling the gazel.  
From now on be attached to Selahaddin.<sup>74</sup>  
Because a gazel is like a patch on a new dress;  
It is not good.





# 39.

## Verse 422

The beloved has been different to me for three days.  
Sugar cannot be bitter.  
How can that sweetest of the sweet  
Beloved make a bitter face?

I came to the fountain of life.  
I brought my jar.  
But I saw that fountain full of blood.

There are thorns and stones at the garden  
Where hundreds of thousands  
Of roses had grown before.  
That beautiful garden turned into a desert.

I would cast a spell and blow on the face of that fairy.  
Because the ones who call fairies  
Always have the job of casting spells.

But, my fairy has never entered the bottle with any spell.  
His business is beyond spells, beyond legends.

His frowns are from his old angers.  
But, when Leyla frowns,  
Mecnum would be ruined.

Come. Come. Life without You is haram<sup>75</sup> for me.  
See. See, without you my eyes are like rivers.

Even if my guilt is worse than other people's,  
Kindly forgive that.  
Show your face, which resembles the Moon,  
So my eyes will be enlightened.

My heart is so upset,  
Trembling and asking what my fault was,  
Because every effect is the result of some cause.

A voice is coming from the messenger  
Who brings eternal decisions,  
Saying, "Don't tremble.  
This is not the cause of something  
That happened recently."

God gives, takes, and makes guilty.  
His job cannot be measured by the scale of mind.

Come. Come now with the grace of, "Be, and it is."<sup>76</sup>  
Heaven, where kindness never erases it's favor,  
Opens its door for you.

He opens such a door that,  
You see wonderful flowers in the thorn itself.  
You see Karun's treasure in the rock.

Kindness will last to eternity,  
For that reason there are thousands  
Of locks hidden between the ships  
Of Kaf and Nun.<sup>77</sup>



# 40.

*Verse 436*

My being is nothing but a glass  
In the hand of the Beloved.  
If you don't believe it,  
Look carefully at both my eyes.

My heart is full of blood.  
My emaciated, lean body is in the hands of love,  
Who has never been pale and lean.

This love doesn't drink anything but Moslem's blood.  
Come. I'll tell you one thing.  
Even if it is like that, it's most amazing.  
He is not a disbeliever either.

Thousands of forms are born, like Adam and Eve.  
The world is full of His paintings and decorations.  
But He doesn't fit in mind and intelligence;  
Cannot be described.

He knows how each particle, valley, drop and sea  
Can be put in good order;  
Gives that and helps them.  
There is no limit to His knowledge.

He ties and unties our heart every moment.  
If it is not a donkey,  
How come your heart doesn't recognize,  
Doesn't know His work.

Yet, even a donkey knows his owner ties and unties him.  
It recognizes him and differentiates him from others.

When it sees its owner it shakes its head like a donkey.  
Wags its ears, recognizes and knows his voice.  
That sound is not strange for the donkey.

It takes its food from his hand.  
From his hand it drinks nice water.  
How funny. How funny.  
How come God didn't give you  
Even that much understanding?

He ties you to trouble a hundred times.  
You yell. Why do you let yourself be in denial?  
God doesn't have to save you.

When you become cross with trouble,  
You bend your head,  
Surrender like a disbeliever.  
The head which doesn't belong on that side,  
Isn't worth even half a grain.

It is not Ca'fer<sup>78</sup> but thousands of souls  
Who fly in the sky like Cafer-i Tayyar.

How does the bird who is fed in the cage,  
Know how to fly in the sky?  
In his confusion he forgets he has wings.

He pulls his head out of the cage every moment.  
His head fits but his body doesn't,  
Because the head is not the whole body.

Your five senses look like the holes of that cage.  
You see a thousand things from those holes.  
But you can't reach them.

Your body is dry wood. His looks are like fire.  
If you look carefully, you'll see nothing but fire.

Doesn't the wood which burns turn into fire?  
Wood has no spark, but it is light and flame.

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I am saying these words and leaving them  
As gifts for the ones who will come after us.  
Because when death comes, don't stay one moment.

Love pulls on their ears and  
Brings them from secret roads.  
Mind is not the guide for them.

Singer's eyes are half closed by sleep<sup>79</sup>.  
The rebab has slowed down.  
But don't sleep.  
This world is not gold, it is a gold mine.

If Shems of Tebriz is the sun for every creature,  
For stars, is there any star not illuminated from his sun?



# 41.

## Verse 457

I receive life just by remembering your face,  
Which resembles the Moon.  
The threshold of your tent  
Is the place at which I prostrate.

The sound of the guard dog at your door,  
Kills me every night,  
Revives me every morning.

Soul saw You first  
Before my mind and my body.  
Mind told the soul,  
"Prostrate yourself. He is your Sultan."

He prostrated himself, put his face  
To the nice soil where your road is,  
And stayed there like that, forever.

I am a pile of barren soil.  
What would happen if you caress  
This soil with the horseshoe of your horse?  
It is on your way, anyway.

O Shemseddin, who is both eyes of Tebriz,  
For God's sake, you are the amber of heart.  
Heart is like a piece of straw in love.



## 42.

*Verse 463*

**I** make an oath on your bright, witty,  
Pleasant, sleepy eyes.  
I swear by the curly hair  
Falling on your forehead,

I vow by the sweetness of your ruby lips,  
Which come naturally from loads of sugar cane.

I vow by the amber property of your ruby lips  
That attract the Moon and sun to you.

I vow by the ruby-colored bud of soul,  
The roses of soul,  
That they are a trap  
For love's nightingale in your garden.

I vow by the charm of your beauty that nourishes souls;  
Also by the brightness of your face.  
The smiling pomegranate opened its mouth  
And laughed for that reason.

I vow by the beauty of God, who is kible to all souls;  
To whom the soul prostrates with joy every moment,

You are Joseph.  
You have so many miracles.  
But the best proof is your beautiful face.

There is no place for Joseph here.  
So many Josephs are slaves here, for you.  
Now God, whose greatness is forever,  
Will exchange you with them.

If there was room in your garden,  
In order to see you there would be a narcissus  
Growing from every blade of grass,  
From every leaf.

The ones who started the journey like fire  
Advance like flame.  
Their soul has been burned.  
Even the sultan, who knows all the secrets,  
Becomes jealous of them.  
How come he would give you to a cold stranger?

The brightness of your face  
Becomes a curtain to your face.  
You have been submerged, like the sun,  
In Divine light that devoids faults.

Thousands of faces appear from a clean heart  
And show your kindness  
Because of the brilliance of your sun.

If an unclean heart desires to see you,  
He would put himself into your dungeon  
Because of his stupidity.

Neither a smart person  
Could cheat you with his smartness,  
Nor a king be able to tie your foot somewhere.

You cannot be contained in both worlds,  
Because of your greatness.  
How would Ebu-Hureyra<sup>80</sup> be able  
To put you in his sack?



When I try to praise you with a gazel,  
With the tunes of poems,  
My heart praises you a thousand times more, inside.

In any case, who is my heart?  
Who am I? What is praise?  
All I want is to change my heart  
To a rose garden with your reyhan.<sup>81</sup>

O Shems of Tebriz, with whom dawn  
And all the universe are praised,  
You are a peerless Moon.  
There is no match for your way and your manner.



# 43.

## Verse 481

**T**he heart of the sons and daughters  
Are bright with the love of your face.  
Come, that their sins  
Become good deeds because of you.

When your image comes to the heart of the lover,  
The house of flesh will be illuminated  
With the light of life.

All other images totally disappear  
Once yours comes.  
Like prisoners, their hearts cheer  
And open with the sound of salvation.

Souls crowd together around your hyacinth hair,  
Like ants and grasshoppers, to get their alms.

If you look at a dead one, he will come back to life  
A hundred thousand times.  
How lucky is that person who has received  
This gaze and obtained that decoration?

What a sultan is that  
Sultan in front of the chess board.  
The king will try to run away, space by space,  
In order to avoid being checkmated.

On whatever morning your love offers a glass,  
Sleepy fortune will jump; will rise and say,  
"Now, here. The glass is given to you."

The Moon smells this glass and comes to earth  
From the sky with the hope of drinking,  
I say, "Alas, no way."

The joy which doesn't come from you  
Is an old, stale joy.  
Bring the glass.  
I am tired of old joys and old drinking.

Come in front of my eyes so I can see you.  
My eyes won't be satiated with  
The proofs of God or the signs of God.

O, Shems of Tebriz, I don't know if I kiss  
Your lips or feet with my drunkenness.



# 44.

## Verse 492

How long do you keep asking the trap  
What has happened to the bait?  
Why must you climb to the roof?  
Is your house flooded with water?

How long will you keep sitting,  
Frozen in the middle of your existence?  
How about the flames of love's oven?

You keep turning around the fire  
Of His love from a distance.  
If you are pure silver,  
How about the middle of the fire?  
Why don't you jump in?

You haven't tired from the dregs of thoughts and grief.  
How about the face of the beloved;  
The wine which is reserved for the tavern keeper?

If the cold of your existence has stuck to you firmly,  
Get rid of it with some pretext.  
What's wrong with excuses?

If he complains about fortune,  
You say, "Go. Fortune is alright without you.  
How about the fortune?"

Why are you full of worry and anxieties?  
Branch, branch like a tree.  
Be one like the sky.  
What happened to the one who became One?

It is such a land of Hutē<sup>82</sup> that there is  
A person there, but no shapes or forms?  
Don't ask what kind of man that is.  
What has happened to such a woman?

This heart has become the sign and monument of love  
Because of Shems of Tebriz.  
Look and see what has happened to that sign  
And monument with the kingdom of his love.



# 45.

## *Verse 501*

You are Adam.  
Your eye looks at the land of soul.  
You are seeing that world.  
You are resurrected.  
You will know how to live from now on.

The one who dies  
And comes back to this world like Enoch,  
Becomes the teacher of God's spiritual dominion.  
He is hidden even from the ones  
Who are in the land of Absence.

Come and tell which way you left this world  
And from which secret road  
You came from the other side?

This is such a road,  
That every night all the souls fly that way.  
Cages become empty, town by town.  
There is no bird in any cage.

If the bird's feet are tied, it can't fly too far.  
It wouldn't be good for spiral flying.

But, if he breaks this tie with death, and flies,  
He will see the truth; know the secret of everything.

Be silent. Silence is a full universe.  
Don't keep beating word's drum.  
Word is an empty drum.



# 46.

## *Verse 508*

**T**he one who suffers with sorrow  
Goes into seclusion  
From everyone and stays in solitude.  
You can be sure he is the enemy of heart.  
He is the one who is put off by frivolous pretext.

You give your ear to the harp,  
To the sounds of your body.  
Yet, your body is a pile of dirt.  
Its sound and melodies are only  
Whim and fancy.

The air of your flesh is like a storm.  
It raises lots of dust.  
It is the enemy of eyes and sight.  
It is against the light.

I wonder if you became a fly  
For those semi-solid, sticky sweets,  
If they'd say, "Dive in it?"  
But if you dive, you'll go through  
Lots of trouble and never get out of it.

Where was your mind  
When you fell into the buttermilk?  
Where was your repentance?  
Where was your intelligence?

Why do you turn into a wick  
For promise and repentance?  
Your promise resembles a candle swaying  
From side to side in a very light wind.

Tell Joseph, "Go and find Jacob  
Who has been part of your separation."  
He is condemned to blindness, to separation  
As long as he doesn't have your shirt.

He is so blind that, like a piece of meat,  
He is left in some corner.  
Blindness, like death, needs a living one.

He put soil on his eyes.  
He thinks soil is a salve, a medicine.

"Don't leave one disbeliever on the earth."<sup>83</sup>  
Is the prayer of Noah.  
This was an accepted prayer.

The boat of the fool  
Will always be submerged in the flood,  
Because the fool's face is unpleasant  
And has a substance which is not likable.  
He is disgraced, a scoundrel.

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Even the sea of kindness  
Covers everywhere and is exuberant.  
Still the justice in the rule of "Fools are for fools,"<sup>84</sup>  
Will go on.

Keep being slapped.  
Don't put a conical hat on your head.  
You have such a throat, you deserve a slap.



It is such wide open throat,  
Like the vulva of a female donkey.  
Once it is erect, none of the donkey's penis  
Will be saved from that throat.

O mangy dog, you eat tripe and dirt.  
Tripe and the mouth of a dog  
Fit each other very well.

Come, eat the carcass of dog.  
It is obvious from your mouth,  
Your belly, and your face  
That you are not a hunting dog.

How would stray dogs at the neighborhood  
Bazaar be able to catch prey?  
The top of the mountain,  
The forest and the valley are the places for hunting.

You leave all these to one side.  
Tell the name of the Beloved,  
Because when all those ugly things reach there,  
They become beautiful.

To trust, to attach to Him  
Is the essential chemistry.  
He is the one who controls the particles  
At the top and bottom as He wishes.

He hides two universes inside of one atom.  
He has such measure and control  
That mind becomes puzzled and confused.

Understand this well.

The work of the mind belongs to the basement.

Even if it becomes Plato in knowledge,

It still stays outside of the palace.

The ecstasy of love is a hundred thousand

Times better than universes full of mind.

Because mind handles the problem of head and body.

Instead, love has no head, no body.

The one who has a head,

Naturally has fear for his head.

But, the lion of battle doesn't feel fear.

The thread of love passes through

The needle's eye because it has no head;

Doesn't have any accessories.

The needle becomes a guide to love.

Puts it on the road, takes it to pieces.

Then it sews them together, unified.

Makes them into one piece.

Quit talking of needle and thread,

They are small delicate things.

Talk about the Moses of Soul

Whose hand gleams and shines.

Talk about that beautiful sea of heart.

Tell stories about that.

It is such a sea, that one drop of it

Creates hundreds of oceans.

**You are at the top of the sea like a basin,  
But, you are not aware of the sea.  
Take a look and see.  
Waves rock you back and forth every minute.**



# 47.

## Verse 536

**T**he day of Berat<sup>85</sup> has come  
And renewed the Berat of lovers.  
The time has come for alms.  
Give the alms of ruby lips.

Berat, your valuable image and these two  
Celebrations of union have suddenly come.  
If this doesn't happen, others won't show up.  
The time for separation returns again.

The Beloved's revelation has come  
To the garden of truth.  
Broken and bruised flowers are refreshed,  
Have freed themselves from sticks and ties.

Parrots have brought news  
From the beloved's sugar cane.  
Hundred of thousands of sugar canes grow  
In the valley and the desert.

There are two joys for the brides in the garden;  
Your favor opened the door  
And cold winter died away.

Come and see the light of the sky adorn the earth.  
A flower is like the glory of God.  
The tree is where the lamp is placed.

The earth is dressed in green.  
Do you know why this is?  
The fountain of life has sprung  
From the earth; from trees. That's why.

Birds are crying and shouting, "Show yourself to me."<sup>86</sup>  
Because here is Mount Sinai.  
And Soul's Moses has reached  
The time of farewell.

Come to the garden and see the resurrection.  
The noise became a trumpet  
And the dead have risen.

We hear Ezan<sup>87</sup> of the doves.  
We hear Kamet<sup>88</sup> from the trees.  
Be silent now, it is time for namaz.



# 48.

## *Verse 546*

**I** have some other business with this salutation,  
Some other exchange.

His greeting is a great secret  
Hidden under God's curtain.

Wonderful melodies are coming from the harp.  
Who is crying and shouting?  
Who is wailing?

The Sultan brought ruby-colored wine,  
And said, "This is the base for everything."  
Be silent, this is the time for craziness.  
It is not the time to lift the curtain.



# 49.

## Verse 549

To be obstinant and become touchy  
Is alright for beauties. Finding excuses.  
That's the way for beautiful ones.

Excuses which come from those sweet lips  
Are substitutes of Fatiha, Kah ha and Ya sin.<sup>89</sup>

I don't expect anything because tormenting  
Is the tradition of beauties; their religion.

If you frown, turn your face from us.  
It is all pretension, not really meant.

I swear by the soil of the saints,  
That if I eat halva from someone's hand  
It would be a mace, a harpoon in my mouth.

You've made promises a thousand times,  
But don't keep any of them.  
This is such an oasis that  
It's worth hundreds of sweet waters.

The one whose face turned pale gold from separation  
Is the one who gives gold.  
Why should the beauty whose body is silvery white,  
Give gold and silver?

The one who is in need gives sweet answers.  
You don't need anything.  
Even then, there are hundreds  
Of tastes and flavors in your bitter answer.

Your beauty and your charm are like treasures.  
Your bad disposition is the snake  
Which guards the treasure.  
Long life for your treasure.  
The snake is outside anyway.

Burn the garment of our existence  
With your charms and coyness.  
These are good alms. They belong to the poor.

You leave everybody outside, like dogs.  
Let them stay there.  
Your surroundings are like Mount Sinai.

When the sultan became sultan and took his throne,  
He was hit by the caliph.<sup>90</sup>  
It is the custom for the sultan  
To endure the suffering of love.

When the Imam<sup>91</sup> prays Fatiha,<sup>92</sup> angels say "Amen."  
I read Fatiha. I hope for "Amen" from them.

The price of deceits and tricks  
That go through your mind  
Are thousands of pearls, rubies, and marriage potions.

The school of love has rules  
And regulations like school.  
Jurisprudence has ordinance for expulsion.

We'll keep silent so the sultan will tell this.  
Even the earth is alive because  
Of the inspiration of that choice sultan.





# 50.

## Verse 565

If you are drunk with union,  
Why are you frowning?  
Whatever you have inside of the jar,  
Will leak outside.<sup>93</sup>  
Outside of the glass is the witness of inside.

It is easy to identify one drunk  
Among all the sober ones,  
By his smell, his color, his eyes and his swaying walk.

Especially if his exaltation,  
His joy and pleasure come from the wine  
Of God's friend; from the jar of God's blessing.

The jar of wine could be easily identified  
By its fermentation and overflowing  
Among the thousand other jars.

If you see boiling and overflowing,  
There must be a fire there.  
If you see secret exaltation,  
There must be the flame of love there.

You should know that the one  
Who sells the vineyard  
Won't give you wine.  
A mouthful of that wine is worth tons of fresh sugar.

The price of that wine is to give up  
The lives and possessions of believers.<sup>94</sup>  
If you worry about profit, buying and selling,  
You stay with the boundaries of self.

Even if you went beyond the boundary of self,  
And have not seen the result,  
Don't blame the one who has kindness,  
Saying, "It was all a lie." That is not true.

There is the hangover of union's drunkenness  
In the eyes of the only one who stays at  
The tavern of, "Come, come close.  
Only an arrow's distance is left between us."<sup>95</sup>

The clean wine is to cleanse us from grief.  
The head with wine has no grief, no anxiety.

The name of that tavern is  
"I will be a guest to my God, time by time.  
"He fed me, gave me water."<sup>96</sup>  
Those are the words from our Prophet.



# 51.

## *Verse 576*

**T**ell the souls who are the light of my eyes,  
It is time to break repentances again.

When my beauty's eyes, which adorn the heart,  
Start beating the drum of beauty,  
All penitents break thousand of repentances,  
And give up thousands of oaths.

The beloved is drunk.  
Today is the day of music; full of fun.  
What could they do besides drinking and charming?  
You tell me.

I said to the ear of mind, "Don't be obstinant.  
Go away before the sweat on your face won't  
Drop and you'll become embarrassed.  
They'll pull you out,  
Even if you are on Kafdag right now.

The master who sells wine  
Pawned his mantle some time ago.  
Everybody at that quarter of the tavern  
Has been really well today.

Come on O soul's player,  
Take that jar which is made of the same material.  
Play it like a drum-beat because  
No one has any skin and flesh without you.

Come and take your place  
At the circle of lovers as a ring stone.  
Because every other gathering except lovers  
Are constantly in trial and turmoil.

I swear by the soul of all heroes,  
That everybody who is not a lover is a woman  
As far as meaning is concerned.  
Look and see what kind of women they are.  
And with what kind of conversations they are involved.

I swear by the Soul of souls that the one who  
Doesn't have that soul is nothing but flesh.  
Look and see what they do with their knitting;  
How they keep silence.

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Did you ask, "What is more white than this?"  
Be silent. Silent, even if they are jasmine.  
They don't have good fortune, those common people.



## 52.

*Verse 586<sup>97</sup>*

Didn't I tell you not to go there?  
They cause trouble for you.  
Their hands are very long.  
Tie your feet.

Didn't I tell you there is a trap inside of a trap, there?  
When you fall into that trap, how will you be saved?

Didn't I tell you, there are very strange  
Drunks at the tavern?  
They throw arrows of incongruous nonsense  
To the mind.

They will swallow someone like you,  
Who has a clean heart but is gullible.  
They will catch you like a morsel.  
They will checkmate the king for a pawn.

They'll pull you like dough many times,  
Then twist to make a circle out of you.  
They'll make you hundreds of pieces of straw,  
Turn you into amber a thousand times.

You are a light-hearted person.  
If you go to those who eat liver  
And you become liver,  
They'll grab and throw you into their soup.

Don't rely on your experience and your bravery.  
Even if you are Kafdag,  
They will blow you to air quickly and easily.

They kneaded thousands of  
Funny birds out of your mud.  
Even if you pass water and soil,  
They will do so many things to you.

They will pull you out of this body  
Like the wool of a sheep's leader is shorn.  
They will turn you into a specter.  
You'll lose your back, front, left, right, above and below.

Once they see you, follow their orders.  
They save you from troubles,  
Make you content with everything.

Be silent.  
The naive ones who believe these banal words,  
Resemble animals in the pasture.  
They will stall you with a bunch of nonsense.



# 53.

*Verse 597*

⓪ Heart, from Your low-pitched voice  
All beings have risen.  
You are either the trumpet  
Or the promised judgment day.

I have heard many people have died  
From the pleasure of David's melodies.

My Sultan, Your voice is the opposite of David's.  
The one who listens to You  
Comes back to life.

Your voice doesn't come from the throat,  
But even so, it grabs all the circles  
And carries the one that makes  
A thousand circles like one circle.

O Heart, tell me the truth,  
Where did you drink wine last night?  
You have been singing songs all day long.

Your melody, Your sound  
Comes from the other side.  
That voice comes from great Soul,  
Not from body.

You haven't attached to the body.  
You have seen the growth and spread of the soul.  
The one who sows good seeds  
Doesn't have a bad harvest.

Really, the smell of absence's rose  
Comes from the rose garden.  
Have you seen a pear  
Which is grown without a tree?

How lucky is that person who, when he smells;  
Gets His smell.  
How happy is that person that  
When he opens his eyes,  
The eyes of his soul are opened.

How nice is that person whose eyes,  
Like Jacob's eyes,  
Are opened with the smell of Joseph.  
His heart's eyes will be open.  
Then he can see everything.

The eyes of heart will be blind  
Because of a lack of gratitude.  
God said, "Surely man is ungrateful to his Lord."<sup>98</sup>

You want to be helped and benefited?  
Help and benefit both come from the Beloved.  
But, if you don't follow His trace,  
If you don't go His way,  
How do you get help and benefit?

There is a Star of God which turns on earth.  
The sun and sky follow that star.

So many early dawns come to believers  
Who enter praying places and say,  
"I am a happy star. Ask your wish from me."



It says, "I am a star in the sky, as well as on earth.  
They will find me in hundreds of stopping places."  
I am a candle on the earth, a light in the sky.  
I am Soul for angels, the body for stars.

I look like a particle, but I am the sun.  
I look like a fragment,  
But I am the whole of existence.

Sky is the Kible where people pray  
For the fulfillment of a wish.  
But, don't look at the sky.  
Look at me. See my generosity.

There will be someone like Satan,  
Who, because of his selfishness and imitation,  
Will be embarrassed and ashamed  
To prostrate in front of Adam,  
Saying, "God is the only one to prostrate to,  
That is enough."

Adam answers Satan,  
"This prostration, in fact, is for God.  
You are cross-eyed.  
Because of your obstinance and deviation,  
You see one in two."

He is the one who put a curtain  
Between the star of kingdom  
And the eyes of the envious.

The star of kingdom told him, "Go away.  
Your curtain will become dense.  
Still, you can't get away from me."  
You are not alone, but you were put  
Out of His temple.

There are lots of words about that curtain.  
Many questions and many answers.  
Nemrud<sup>99</sup> couldn't see Abraham  
Because of that curtain.

My God, envy is such a curtain that when  
It was drawn between two friends while giving  
Their lives to each other yesterday,  
Today they became two obstinant wolves.

What a curtain that is.  
Satan, before this curtain was drawn for him,  
Used to run around in the dome of sky,  
And earth kept prostrating.

He kept turning to God with joy,  
With sorrow and begging.  
He used to worship in a different way .  
His love used to increase day by day.

But, when the curtain of envy was drawn,  
He turned into a donkey,  
Frozen on top of the ice.  
That curtain has tied his arms and wings.

God repelled Satan from the mosque of sky,  
Threw him away because he was not listening,  
Getting smeared with dirt all the time.

"O the one and only dear God, let's talk."  
Why should I go? What did I do?  
Why are you kicking me out?

And saying, "If it was bad, you made it that way.  
It is all Your work.  
The ones who worship idols; Christians and Jews,  
They are all from You.<sup>100</sup>

You are the One who changed my direction.  
That was Your desire.  
Now, I'll do such a thing that  
You won't find one person who deserves praise."

God said, "If I allow it,  
If I let you climb to the top of the mountain;  
Then climb it.  
If I don't, sink to the bottom of the sea,  
Like an anchor on a ship."

"O, raven of ruin, how can you argue with Me?  
You wouldn't talk like that if you weren't  
Expelled from the temple and afflicted with a curse.

I don't call the donkey  
Who has been deceived by you  
And expelled from our door because of you  
A human being. He is not My slave.  
I am the only One who is to be worshipped.

The one who has a candle of intelligence,  
Doesn't leave the light and follow the smoke.

Satan said, "I will extinguish  
That candle with one blow."  
"The candle of truth cannot be  
Extinguished by wind," said God.

"Whoever tries to blow my candle of gift,  
Will have his head and beard  
Burned to ashes like wood."

Thanks to God a thousand times,  
Universal intelligence has come back.  
We have been united with Him  
After a long separation.

We throw uzerlik<sup>101</sup> and corotu<sup>102</sup> on the fire;  
What's uzerlik and corotu?  
We throw ourselves, like aloe wood,  
On the fire and burn ourselves.

When He shows Himself,  
We will lose ourselves,  
Cover ourselves with smoke,  
And climb to Mount Sinai.

We stayed inside of the ground.  
We made darkness in our country  
Like rats and snakes.

God created the cat so rats  
Would stay in the ground all the time.

We are leaving the ground  
Only for stealing, like a rat.  
What can we gain out of this crooked way?

If you leave lentils for the rat,  
It will become a dragon.  
But, if the cat also goes after the rat's food,  
Then everybody will be relieved.

Before You, we couldn't breathe,  
Because of time which choked us.  
We will be slaves to Jesus' breath.

Everybody becomes a friend to the one  
Who cuts and throws his existence out;  
Leaves his Self behind.  
To the one who gives the world to its owner,  
God offers the whole world.

Be silent.  
You have a saying without language  
Which is not knitted by alphabet or sound.

When Shems of Tebriz  
Raised his head from prostration,  
Thousands of believers and disbelievers  
Put their head in prostration.



# 54.

## Verse 644

The beloved is dressed,  
In form like the Moon;  
And the Moon of festivity which shines  
And enlightens the earth.  
Get together at the door of bairam.<sup>103</sup>  
Two Moons are next to each other.

When they put their heads side by side,  
And start talking secretly,  
Thousands of thoughts come to the head of bairam,  
Thousands of anxieties blow.

People are playing with the waves of the sea  
Like a shell.  
But just like a shell,  
They are not aware of the pearl of bairam.

I'll tell you what the drum of bairam says.  
It says, "If you are man, jump, get up.  
The army of bairam just came."

Do you remember that you have given  
A few pieces of gold and silver for God in the past?  
Look at the treasure of bairam,  
Filled with gold and silver,  
Given to you because of that good deed.

If you break the glass with fasting and worshipping,  
You will drink that permissible wine of  
"God will water them with a clean wine."<sup>104</sup>  
With the glass of bairam.

Leave this hunting.  
Fly to the side of the sultan like a falcon.  
Because when bairam's pigeon flew,  
It came and brought news from the Sultan.

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Sacrifice the fat ox of greed and embrace  
The month of bairam with happiness.  
Reach Him.

Even if you don't sacrifice,  
I expect that God will do a favor,  
Sacrifice it with the dagger of bairam.



# 55.

*Verse 653*

**Y**our love kept me away from work,  
Friends and relatives.  
I pay attention to no one.  
In fact, your love eliminates  
All caution and protection.

Because love doesn't want  
Anything but ruin.  
Because love doesn't take  
Any advice from any calamity.

No place to mention about belongings,  
Name, fame, or dress and looks.  
No words about health, soundness, son or family.

When the soul of the lover  
Draws his sword of love,  
Thousands of sacred souls  
Are gathered in front of him.

Is it possible that you would fall in love,  
And at the same time  
Be afraid of being down and ruined?  
You tightened the strings of purse,  
Then went after the sweet lips of beauty.

Put your little head down.  
Stay in the corner of soundness.  
It is impossible to reach the great cypress  
With those short arms and hands.



Go away. You never smell anything from love.  
You don't have love,  
Yours is mind only.  
Be content, be satisfied with that.

Is it possible to free your skirt  
From the hand of trouble?  
"Surely fate will send some sustenance,"  
You say by sitting.

When the fire of love attacks,  
It will sweep and burn everything except itself.  
Once everything is burned,  
Sit down nicely and start laughing with joy.

Especially if this love is the love of the one  
Who has been loved and respected  
Since the time of Elest.<sup>105</sup>

If you say, "I saw Him."  
For God's sake, close your eyes.  
Open the eyes of soul.

Because of looking with the eyes of head  
In both worlds,  
Thousands of people, like you and me,  
Will perish and will be blind.

Both my eyes would be gouged by an ax  
If anything else appears before my eyes,  
Besides his face.

Even the eyes of the souls of men have failed,  
They have become useless.  
Is it ever possible to reach the greatness  
And the beauty of the Sultan?

Alas, would that be God pulling  
And tearing your existence,  
Like Ali<sup>106</sup> did the door of Hayber<sup>107</sup>

You should see with your own eyes,  
How they play the military band,  
In front of Him five times a day,  
In places from thousands of years away  
From the land we have mentioned.



Don't sleep at night.  
 Because one evening is worth  
 A hundred thousand days.  
 That full Moon gives purses full of gold at night.

Every night, the army of the one and only Sultan  
 Descends to earth's sky to help the oppressed.

God said, "Wake up at night."<sup>108</sup>  
 He didn't say this for nothing.  
 The light of Venus is from travel at night.  
 So is the light of Ferkad.<sup>109</sup>

O raw man, you'll be cooked and matured  
 With the smoke of the fire Moses saw.  
 The ink which resembles the night  
 Will help this pen with knowledge.

Night is Leyla. Day is Mecmun after her.  
 Night keeps pulling the light of your mind  
 Like a curl and twists its black hair.

O Mecnun, embrace the Leyla of night.  
 Night is the privacy of union.  
 There are numbers and disunion in the day.

Make sure that the fountain of life is in darkness.  
 What kind of fish are you?  
 You cut the water of sea off from yourself.  
 You deprive yourself of the sea.

They even put a black cover on the Kaabe,  
 Which is the back and support of believers.

One namaz,<sup>110</sup> made at the Kaaba of night,  
Is equivalent to a hundred namaz.  
Nobody set up such a temple for sleep.

God, who has no peer for grace and kindness,  
Broke all the idols at night; only He remained.

Be silent. A poem is an unsaleable item.  
But ignorance is even worse.  
What kind of devout person are you in this knowledge  
That your knowledge is more devout than you are?



# 57.

## Verse 679

**E**ven if you don't want me,  
My heart desires you.  
If God wants, you'll be reconciled  
And make peace with us.

You have thousands of lovers.  
They are all fervently looking for you; asking for you.  
Let's see who will be the lucky one.  
Who among us will have  
The kingdom of union with you?

People keep wondering about a poor lover's  
Fondness for you; falling in your love.  
They say,, "How come this poor one wants to have  
Something all the kings are longing for?"

But no one wonders if death wants life;  
If dry withered grass looks for a morning breeze.

Also it is not wondered if blind eyes  
Want sight from God,  
Or if the one who has been hungry for ten years  
Wants something to eat.

We all become prayers from so much praying,  
That the one who sees our face  
Wants prayers from us.

But I appear to your eyes almost like an infidel.  
When your eyes are the ones who kill those  
Who have fallen in love with them.  
See me. They want me to be submerged in grief.

Even if your separation kills me,  
I will be glad to give my blood, my life for you.  
How can you ask the price of life  
From a captive veteran?

I greet you and show respect.  
You asked me how I was doing?  
How does poor copper do when it  
Begs for the secret ingredient?

Painting becomes the way the painter paints.  
How does the body of the ill one feel  
When he looks for help and medicine?

Don't talk about the sun like a shadow.  
A particle runs away from the dark.  
It wants light.

How generous and charitable Shems of Tebriz is,  
That even the sun of the green dome wants  
And expects a favor from him.



# 58.

*Verse 691*

From now on the nightingale  
Talks about us in the garden.  
It tells of the beauty of the Beloved,  
Who attracts hearts.

When the wind hits the head of the willow tree,  
The willow starts moving.  
God knows what it says to the air.

The maple tree knows little  
About the secrets of the meadow and grass.  
It opens its large, long arms and starts praying nicely.

"Where and from whom did you steal this beauty?"  
I asked the rose.  
It smiles shyly, blushing,  
But how could it tell?

The rose is drunk,  
But it is not ruined like me.  
It is telling you  
The secret of the sleepy narcissus.

If you want to hear secrets, go to drunks.  
Because drunks will tell secrets openly.

Wine is the daughter of the grape,  
It is from the water of kindness and favor.  
It opens its purse and keeps talking about generosity.

Especially, above all, if it is the wine of the throne  
That comes from God,  
Who is the source of greatest nobility.  
God is the only one who will tell about  
The favors and generosity of this wine.

That wine boils,  
Overflows in the heart of the wise.  
It calls you at the bottom of his body's jar.

That breast gives milk as well as sherbet.  
The fountain keeps running from that chest  
To tell the events and daily accounts.

When soul becomes really drunk,  
He throws his mantle and hat off  
And gives up his dress.  
Never mind the dress,  
He gives up his head.

When it drinks wine, the blood of mind,  
Without paying attention to anyone,  
Opens its mouth and tells the secrets  
About greatness and the greatest of the great.

Be silent. Nobody believes you.  
Because the one who talks about secret chemistry  
Doesn't deal with anything but copper.

Carry the message to Tebriz, to Shemseddin,  
For whom the east and West prays,  
Maybe he may praise you.





# 59.

Verse 704<sup>111</sup>

**E**ven if you don't want me,  
My heart doesn't leave you.  
If God wants, you'll be reconciled  
And make peace with me.

You have thousands of lovers.  
They are all fervently looking for you.  
Let's see who will be the lucky one.  
Who among us will have the kingdom  
Of union with you?

It is a surprising thing that,  
A poor lover has fallen in love with you.  
How could a poor lover expect the things  
For which kings are longing?

It is no wonder that death wants life from God,  
Or that the thirsty gives his heart to water.

Don't be bewildered if the blind  
Searches for light for his eyes,  
Or if the one who is in exile  
Sheds tears from homesickness.

I prayed so much, my being turned into prayer.  
Anybody who sees my face, remembers the prayer.

I greeted, showed respect,  
And asked, "How do you do?"  
How is the situation of a copper  
Which has not been burned  
And smelted by the secret chemical?

What would a painting look like  
The way the painter paints it?  
What would happen to the grape which  
Is not crushed by the hand of the Beloved?  
It would turn rotten by itself.



# 60.

## *Verse 712*

**T**he one with the donkey head  
Became angry at the garden.  
He left and went away.  
His face was already bad.  
With the anger, he became ugly.

His heart and his mind were black.  
He saw the furnace and became darker.  
He was an empty kettle.  
He was put upside down  
At the corner of the house and stayed there.

He used to keep moving like mercury,  
But he did not have a soul at his foundation.  
It was just temporary moves  
That lasted for awhile and ended.  
He stayed like that.

In spite of his heart turning into a bowl of blood  
From his deceit and rebellion,  
Abu Lehepi<sup>112</sup> was not converted to the true faith.  
His heart was not polished  
By the brightness of Ahmed.<sup>113</sup>

I will clean the face of thought with a piece of wool,  
Like cleaning a mirror.  
So you can see who submitted himself;  
Who rebelled and was obstinate.

I am such a person,  
That I don't tell anything  
But that which comes to mind.  
My thought instantly turns into reason.  
Sometimes it becomes true madness.

For your sake, suppose my insides  
Are like a different town.  
In fact, this town has  
Not been built by mud and water,  
It came into existence  
With the order of "Be."

Who did that?  
Who went where and turned into which way?  
I have neither words to affairs of this exterior world,  
Nor goodness and badness of this one  
Or the other one.

Be silent. That heart which takes the blame  
Is the heart of ignorance.  
These kinds of people with twisted brains  
Have been in existence before.  
It didn't just happen now.



# 61.

## *Verse 721*

Your agate lips; that's what I want.  
What's the use of sugar?  
I need Your face;  
The moon is no help to me.

I want Your alms.  
What do I do with treasure?  
What I need is Your waist.  
What's the use of a belt?

Without Your drunken eyes,  
What kind of pleasure would wine give me?  
What's the use of travel  
If You are not my companion?

What's the purpose of ongoing life  
If I cannot meet You?  
If I cannot take shelter with You,  
What's the use of a shield?

If you are not my Joseph,  
What will I do in Egypt?  
What can I get from a crowd  
After the shadow of the Sultan is gone?

The sun won't have light  
Without the sun of Your face.  
What's the use of sight if I don't see You?

My night has lasted like the last day of judgment,  
But my heart wants to prostrate to You.  
What can I get out of dawn?

What will the stars do in the night  
If the moon is absent?  
What's the help of wings to the bird  
If it doesn't have a head?

What can be expected from an arm or a horse  
Without the power of bravery?  
If the heart doesn't act like a heart,  
What's the use of lungs?

What kind of help comes from soul  
If my soul is not Yours?  
If You don't give me eyes of soul,  
What's the use of eyes of head?  
What good could my looks and sight do?

I have neither skill nor talent  
Beside Your look, nor will I.  
If You don't help, what can talent do?

The world resembles a tree.  
Its leaves and fruit grow because of You, from You.  
What's the use of a tree  
With no leaves and no fruit?

O Heart, give up humanity,  
Become an angel.  
What is the use of man  
If he doesn't become an angel?

Since the news is not secret for him  
Let him stay unaware of everything, be drunk.  
In fact, if You are not  
The One who gives information,  
What's the use of knowledge?

**What's the use of a person's dark body,  
Which is not illuminated from Shems,  
To whom Tebriz gives praise?**



The sultan of Rum<sup>114</sup>  
 Keeps fighting with a box tree.  
 How can I be cheerful and joyful?

The world of reason resembles Rum.  
 The world of nature is like a Negro.  
 There is an ongoing fight between them.

Everything you expect and want from the world  
 Will be yours.  
 I stay on the road of God,  
 Who is the beginning of the beginning,  
 And the One who created everything from nothing.  
 That is enough for me.

The collision of two swords  
 Doesn't leave safety on the road.  
 Separations and contradictions  
 Are all that come from opposites.

But stable, settled sovereignty belongs to reason.  
 Because stone, brick, and other materials  
 Have no sense of security  
 Or knowledge of fear.

The candle of intelligence  
 Cannot illuminate this house,  
 Because its flame moves  
 From side to side in the wind.

Angels developed with knowledge,  
 Animals with ignorance.  
 Humans vacillate between the two.



Sometimes knowledge pulls him to Illuyun<sup>115</sup>  
Sometimes he says, "Whatever is whatever."  
Ignorance pulls him down.

The soul sits at the side,  
Waiting for that mind to prevail.  
He would be free of this pull  
And follow goodness, be comfortable.

I'll keep my mouth closed  
With the fear of noisy trouble,  
So this story remains half finished.



# 63.

## Verse 746

**E**very tree, every plant grown on the earth,  
Says this all the time,  
"Master, what You sow  
Is what You'll harvest."

Even your life is as brief as a short breath.  
Don't sow anything but love.  
The value of man is measured  
By the thing for which he searches.

Wash your hands of all possessions.  
Then sit at the table.  
That is the reason water was created.

How stupid is the man who runs around  
Searching for his Beloved  
And doesn't go home.  
Yet, his Beloved stays home all the time.

If man is Jesus,  
He runs toward Mary.  
But if he is a donkey,  
Let him smell the urine of a donkey.

How can anybody stay sober  
If he hangs around with the cupbearer?  
How can he help but get fatter and bigger?

The one who has a cup of honey  
Doesn't have a sour face.  
Tell me why one mourns and  
Gives a eulogy if he doesn't have a funeral.

I'll tell you secretly why the rose smiles constantly.  
Because the rose-faced Beloved  
Holds her in his hand  
And smells her all the time.

You tell your poems.  
People will keep reading them  
Through the centuries.  
Because the garment God wove  
Will never be worn down.



# 64.

## *Verse 755*

The red rose has tumult  
In the middle of the garden.  
It's saying, "Smell my mouth.  
What does it smell like?"

All the flowers in the garden are drunk,  
But not like the rose.  
Because they all drink one glass.  
The rose has the whole jar.

Since this is the year of joy  
And the day for play and music,  
How lucky it is for me and the one  
Who makes fun and drinking his habit.

When one has a cupbearer  
Whose face is as beautiful as the Moon,  
He makes the assembly of the rose  
At home, like us.

Thousands of auspicious souls will be sacrificed  
To that Soul who comes to our gathering  
And hears the order "drink."

I asked the rose, "At whom do you laugh?"  
"I laugh at the ugly one who has  
Two husbands," it said.

What kind of love has He had for us?  
What does He look for from us,  
That He turns your spring to fall a thousand times?

The rose brought a glass  
And asked me if I wanted to drink.  
"I certainly do. I have a throat, too," I said.

In fact, there is no need for a throat  
To drink God's wine.  
Drop by drop, every being's wine is from Him;  
So are the appetizers.

The thorn becomes a mean drunk  
Because of the thought of the rose.  
And tulip has many enemies.  
Look at its sour face;  
Its sharp, hard character.

Look at Mount Sinai  
Where Moses had the Manifestation.  
It drank so much wine that it can  
Be neither numbered nor depleted.  
It has no mouth, but a belly like a bazaar.

Watch the drunken trees at the time of spring,  
They drank so much they all bloomed  
And gave out whatever they drank.



# 65.

## *Verse 767*

It is not possible to arrive at the door of the Palace  
Where the secrets of the sky stay.  
There is no ladder that could reach  
To the roof of Absence and certainty.

When the mind of the wise  
Starts wandering in the land of Absence,  
Thousands of stars and thousands of Moons  
Cannot reach his mind.

If someone has the disposition  
Of an owl on this ruined earth,  
He cannot communicate with nightingales.  
He cannot reach the rose garden.

The soul of one who would be broken,  
Piece by piece,  
By greed for one penny cannot reach the mine.  
For sure, he will be tied right here.

Once you let your senses fall in the pasture  
With beauties in the land of absence;  
Once your senses are tied to time and space,  
They cannot reach the land of absence.

A domesticated gazelle  
Is separated from his friends and peers.  
He cannot go to the tulip garden and Juda tree.

In order to go to Mecca, you must go to Akka.  
Go away, don't follow unlikely things.  
Because neither will you arrive there,  
Nor will you have this.

You are fond of garlic and onion.  
You like their smells.  
You cannot get the smell of musk  
From the belly button of the musk's gazelle,  
Because of the smell of onions.

If you want the treasure of heart, be silent.  
Because heart is the one which reaches  
The treasure of right away, not the tongue.



# 66.

## *Verse 776*

Come, the cupbearer who is fond of wine  
Has arrived.  
Call all the helpless.  
Help has come.

The Master of Love has come.  
Open the tavern.  
His wine which resembles the agate  
Affects even the rocks.

Thousands of sources of milk and sugar  
Overflow from Him and break the rocks.  
Even the babies in the cradle  
Benefit from that.

Thousands of Mosques are filled  
When love becomes the Imam.<sup>116</sup>  
The words, "Namaz is better than sleep."<sup>117</sup>  
Come from the minaret so that people fill the mosques.

Empty the earthenware jar.  
The bowl has come.  
Leave the top off the jar.  
The one who drinks old, sedimented wine has come.

When His face, which resembles the sun,  
Reflected on earth and shone,  
Even Saturn came from seven layers of sky to watch.



We saw His crown.  
We all became Feridun.<sup>118</sup>  
When His star was born and shone,  
We all became astronomers.

When His love staged a holdup,  
We gave everything, became naked.  
When that Charmer comes riding by,  
We are all compelled to go on foot.

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The heart that is full of blood expecting His favor,  
Is torn to pieces, little by little,  
After that charmer starts His kindness.

Be silent. Turn into an ear in His temple.  
Hurry, because an earring came  
To be hung on the ear.



# 67.

## *Verse 786*

**T**he nightingale will talk only about us  
In the garden from now on;  
Will just sing our tune and tell about love  
Which scatters sugar and adds Soul to soul.

If he has seen the color of the Beloved's face,  
Why should he mention the tulip garden  
Or talk about the rose garden?

But, if he wants to hide the Beloved,  
Because of jealousy of others,  
Then instead of talking about his eyes,  
He will talk about the river bed.

One by one, slowly, particles gather  
Together to become a mountain.  
But the highest mountains also disappear  
Slowly as long as roads go over them.

The mountain, in front of which  
Hundreds of Kafdags become a small particle,  
Will run to His presence when the Beloved calls.

When the ear of the mountain hears His word, "Come."  
It will make its head like feet  
And repeat, "Yes, I will," twice.

I am telling this by making an oath  
For Your stately garden.  
In that garden, even drunkenness  
Stays silent like the rose.  
That nightingale will praise You.



# 68.

## Verse 793

It is time for dawn to break.  
The sun is putting make-up on its face.  
The sun is adorning Vise's<sup>119</sup> face.

I am a slave, a servant for the sun of heart.  
Its face is worth hundreds of years.  
Its beautiful face doesn't need any make-up.

The brightness of the face of heart gives light  
And brightness everywhere.  
Grass cannot be measured.  
Straw cannot be scattered with the cup of sky.

Night has sold make-up to the black water  
Descending to the eyes.  
Watch and see who deserves  
The face of the old woman called earth.

Divorce, a thousand times,  
This deceitful double-faced old woman.  
Her breath will make you old, wither your youth.

Before you become a devil get the devil out of your side.  
Otherwise, you will see what will happen to you.  
I will keep silent now.



# 69.

## *Verse 799*

**W**e had a hangover and fell asleep.  
The Soul of the Cupbearer came,  
Picked up the golden glass  
And opened the lid of the jar.

Come on, wine of soul, come.  
A big jar came.  
In this early dawn He will keep  
Offering again and again.

What a great morning.  
What a great morning wine.  
For the Sultan, offer the wine glass.  
For us, a bowing down to prayer,  
To prostration for Him.

Wine is clean and pure.  
The Sultan is our friend. Good luck is with us.  
Well now, what is there,  
What is happening between us?  
I cannot tell. I cannot tell.

He pours the wine  
On the head of whoever doesn't drink,  
Then says, "Go away, follow this blind world."

In this world, only death will eat and drink.  
The wise ones neither eat, drink, nor become happy  
And rested, nor sleep and doze for one moment.

He was clean.  
So the pure, clean wine became his destiny.  
What a nice glass.  
What a nice, pleasant assembly.

You don't see the wine but you see the hand.  
You don't see the fire of heart,  
But you see houses filled with smoke.

When common people's hearts burn,  
A fetid smell spreads around.  
But when the heart of Sultans burn,  
The smell of amber and musk cover everything.

There is a writing of, "Go. You have found soul,"  
On the forehead of every drunk  
And the lip of every glass.  
It is also written that  
"His end is auspicious, commended."

"Even Venus is your slave and your servant,"  
Is written on the tambourine of the player.  
"Your luck and your destiny are auspicious,"  
Is written in the palm of the Cupbearer.

O Imran's son, Moses, Pharoah's eye  
Would be blind, you keep smiling.  
O God's Abraham, you eat and drink.  
Nimrod's eyes would be gouged out.

If the devil drank God's wine and became drunk,  
His worship wouldn't be denied,  
Even if he committed a hundred sins.

**I'll keep silent.  
It is better to be silent among the sober and smart ones.  
Because people are surprised.  
Their imagination keeps growing.**



# 70.<sup>120</sup>

## *Verse 813*

Your love grabbed the rosary out of my hands;  
Gave melodies and verses to my mouth.  
I said "Lahavle<sup>121</sup>, so many repent,  
But heart hasn't heard any of them.

I started to clap my hands, telling poems.  
Your love has burned my modesty, my honor,  
All my thoughts, all my possessions and belongings.

I wouldn't let anything escape from me.  
I used to be devout. I stood like a mountain.  
But is there any mountain that wouldn't be thrown  
Like a piece of straw just by Your mentioning it?

Even if I become a mountain,  
I will sound with Your voice.  
If I become a piece of straw,  
I'll burn with Your fire and smoke with Your flame.

I become annihilated by shame  
When I see Your presence.  
But, Soul comes to my existence  
With the love of this Absence.

Whenever Absence comes,  
Existence becomes annihilated.  
What kind of Absence is it that, when it comes,  
Existence keeps increasing.



The sky is blue.  
The world has sat on the road like a blind one.  
The one who has seen Your face,  
Which is more beautiful than the Moon,  
Is saved from that blue sky and that blind earth.

He is a secret, great man,  
In the eyes of the world, just like soul.  
Among the Zoroastrians and Jews,  
He turns into a God-sent Ahmed.

To praise You in fact, is to praise man himself.  
Because the one who praises the sun,  
Is actually praising his eyes.

Praising You is like a sea.  
Our tongue is like a ship.  
The passengers of the sea keep going to reach  
Their destiny of goodness and excellence.

The grace of the sea  
Is like an awakening fortune to me.  
Even if I close my eyes to sleep, it doesn't matter.



# 71.

## *Verse 824*

**T**housands of happy souls  
Would be sacrificed for Your face.  
Nobody in this world has ever seen  
A beauty like You, nor has a beauty  
Like You ever been born from a mother.

I wish thousands of mercies to the lover  
Who falls in love with a Sultan like You,  
After following in Your air  
And being trapped by You.

Are they talking about Your face,  
Your eyes and Your disposition?  
In fact, one is better than the other and vice-versa.  
What a creation that is.

I used to have thousands of knots in my heart  
Like the rope of the sorcerer,  
With the magic of Your beautiful eyes  
They have all become untied.

The eyes of love started seeing greatness  
Because of You.  
Watch the power of the student,  
The art and talent of the teacher.

Heart, love and body sit in Your presence.  
One is ruined, the other is drunk.  
The heart of the other is full of joy.

It is Your order, Your decision.  
You make us smile, cry.  
We resemble the branches of a tree.  
You look like the wind.

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We turn yellow and pale with wind,  
Then become green and bloom.  
The power and strength are Yours.  
The wish is Yours.

How does brick and rock know of spring?  
You ask about spring  
From grass, hyacinth, and box trees.



## 72.

### *Verse 833*

**T**he Beloved is the Kaaba of Soul.  
If you don't know that, know this.  
Wherever you go, wherever you are.<sup>122</sup>  
Make sure to turn toward Him, look at Him.

If you are body, He is the Soul of the universe.  
If you are soul, He is the Soul of all souls.

A voice came, "Who will be sacrificed tonight?"  
My soul jumped out and yelled,  
"Not in time. Take me right away."

Love has written a thousand subtle points on my face.  
If You are the lover,  
See the situation of my heart and read it.

What kind of glass is this  
That it is offered to the lover every moment?  
If you are brave, take it.  
Drink this kind of glass.

If you are bored and disgusted,  
Love is a garden, a meadow, an excursion.  
If you are tired and stranded,  
His love is an Arabian horse.

The sea is the water and bread for fish.  
If you are a fish, how come  
You are in love with the lips of bread?

There is a jar full of grief and troubles.  
It is called body.  
Throw stones, break that and you will be free.

I am like a bird in the cage for Shems of Tebriz.  
Be my enemy. Break my cage to pieces.



# 73.

## *Verse 842*

Thousands of happy souls  
Would be sacrificed for Your face.  
Nobody in this world has ever  
Seen a beauty like You.  
Nor has a beauty like You  
Ever been born from a mother.

I wish thousands of mercies  
To the lover who falls in love  
With a Sultan like You after following Your air  
And being trapped by You.

I used to have thousands of knots in my heart,  
Like the sorcerer's rope.  
They all became untied  
By the magic of Your beautiful eyes.

Are they talking about Your face,  
Your eyes, your manners and disposition?  
In fact, one is better than the other, and vice-versa.  
What creation is that?

My heart has fallen asleep nicely  
In the shadow of Your hair.  
He is ruined; a drunk, beautiful and free.

Alas, Your jealousy woke up my heart.  
Heart has jumped up.  
He will be yelling and crying like a drunk now.

Order and rule are all Yours.  
It is up to You.  
You'll make us cry and laugh.  
All of us are like branches of a tree.  
You resemble the wind.

We become yellow, pale with the wind.  
We become green and bloom with You.  
Power, strength and wishes are all Yours.

The wind moves the tree from outside.  
Yet, the wind from heart's tree comes from inside.  
That wind is the remembrance of the Beloved.

When you make me drunk, I feel like I am master.  
"Why should I follow orders?" I asked.

When I am in trouble<sup>123</sup> I call You, I listen to You.  
But, when trouble is over  
A curtain is drawn between us.

When the mind starts seeing the end of a thing,  
A voice comes from love,  
"Whatever it is, never mind."<sup>124</sup>



# 74.

*Verse 854*

Give my greetings to auspicious souls.  
Give our best to all the lovers  
Who have passed before me.

I am like lightning on the day of union.  
At the night of separation, I am like a cloud.  
Tell me, in which of these states of confusion  
Are you?

If you mentioned the names  
Of the moon, candle, star and sky  
In the presence of that sun,  
God would be your enemy.

If you leave His kitchen of love  
And go to the table of earthly favors  
With uncooked pots;  
Be destitute and poor,  
your pot would stay empty.

I will tell you where you will get the fire.  
From the sparks of the Sultan of Sultan's horseshoes,  
When He gallops His horse.

But, mercy, be cautious, that horse is very rough.  
If you try to make it submit to the bit,  
It won't allow itself to be saddled or bridled.

If you take death over there,  
It will come back to life.  
If you take haram<sup>125</sup> there,  
It will become halal<sup>126</sup> and be purified.



His love untied thousands of ties from the feet of soul.  
Hold my hands and take me to that stage, that temple.

I wrote these gazels on the board of love.  
Take them from this slave  
And give them to Shems,  
To whom Tebriz gives praise.



# 75.

*Verse 863*

Don't give anything  
But clean, pure and good wine, friend.  
If you offer wine, give it once.  
Don't do it separately.

It is not good to add other wine to the glass  
Filled with God's wine.  
Don't offer any wine to God's lover  
Except God's wine.

The naked ones, who are on a journey,  
Makes sunshine their clothes.  
Don't give valuable clothes to the naked  
Passengers on love's road.

The morning breeze can't reach a trace of their dust.  
For the sake of their soul's love  
Don't mention the morning breeze.  
Don't promise them that kind of thing.

There can be a lover who is content  
With the hope of union.  
But I can't settle down with only one hope.  
Don't attempt to satisfy me with only one hope.

Wine is in the middle.  
The beloved is drunk.  
I, myself, am in love.  
I cannot be content with excuses.  
Don't make new excuses for me.

Wine is fire.  
We were also born from fire.  
If you are a close friend,  
Don't offer us anything but wine.

Salve is for this kind of hero.  
Don't give salve to the one who is not wounded.

Since Shemseddin, the one Tebriz praises, has come,  
Don't sacrifice both worlds to anything  
But union with him.  
Sacrifice both worlds only for him.



# 76.

## *Verse 872*

The words which come from Soul,  
Become a curtain to the soul.  
The fog which comes from the sea,  
Hides the coast and the pearls.

It is a great task to get involved  
In philosophical discourses,  
But, explanation is the curtain to the sun of the truth.

This world is like foam.  
God's attributes resemble the sea.  
But this foam of the universe is the curtain  
To the pureness and neatness of the sea.

Burst and eliminate the bubble  
So you can have water.  
Don't look at the bubble or the foam of the sea.  
They cover the sea.

Don't gaze through shapes  
And forms in the earth, in the sky.  
Don't think of them.  
Because these forms are ashamed of time.  
They go behind the curtain.

Split the shell of the alphabet  
In order to get the essence of the word.  
Hair usually covers the face, the eyes of the beloved.

You think every image opens the curtain.  
Throw away this image.  
In fact, the image is the curtain for you.

The earth, which is nothing and the land of nothing,  
Is God's proof of His work.  
But this proof is also covering  
The beauty of God.

Although existence is a small piece  
Chipped from Shems,  
Who is the mine.  
It is such a piece, that still  
It is a curtain to the soul.  
Doesn't show the mine.



# 77.

## Verse 881

Thank God, who saves and frees his creatures,  
That we tied our belt with thanks.  
He opens our ties.

The sky came to life from my prayer, my yell.  
It opened its mouth and also started to pray.

We kept searching for loyalty.  
Our heart has been burned because of that search.  
At the end, loyalty became ashamed.  
It's face was covered with sweat.

Wherever the star, Canopus,<sup>127</sup> appears,  
We become leather in front of its face.  
Wherever He overflows,  
We become slaves and servants  
To His fountain of love.

There were hundreds of hidden doors  
Behind the window of Heart.  
God had locked them all.  
One of God's creatures opened them for me.

There are two lamps in this house,  
The Moon and the sun.  
God opened one window from the heart to them.

God asked, "Am I not your God?"<sup>128</sup>  
And souls said "Yes."  
God shows the straightness of the way of saying "Yes;"  
Opens the road of misfortune to them.



# 78.

## *Verse 888*

**W**ords are great  
Only for the one who knows how to talk.  
And the one who appreciates listening.  
Speech, which descends from the sky,  
Won't be contemptible or despicable.

If you don't say anything worthwhile,  
Even if you say it a thousand times,  
It doesn't count even once.  
But, if you talk importantly,  
Even one word is worth a thousand.

If speech lifts its curtain and comes up to the front,  
You'll see it is the attribute of our creator, God.

If speech shows its face, everyone envies it.  
For that reason it covers its face.  
How lucky is that person  
Who has the secret of the word,  
And doesn't say the things which come to his mind.

From the throne to earth, everything is talking.  
Make sure that earth resembles the throne  
For understanding.

If speech comes from God's knowledge,  
It does God's business.  
If it comes from us, it causes fights and war.

Words will destroy an army  
Like the bird of Ebabil.<sup>129</sup>  
Is it possible to fight with secret soldiers  
In the army of Absence?

It is like a mosquito trying to break  
The head of a Sultan like Nimrod.  
It is obvious that words have secret arms.

The spear of Ahmed's look is so strong  
That it penetrates the heart,  
Breaks the shield of the moon.<sup>130</sup>

You want a literary work from these words?  
That's where you put your finger.  
If the Beloved helps, gives me a chance,  
I will give you that work.





# 79.<sup>131</sup>

## Verse 898

If you are my close friend,  
Tell me what happened last night  
Between that heart,  
And the beloved who sells wine?

My soul would be sacrificed to my Master.  
Really, He sees everything; offers His generosity.  
He causes us to reach eternity;  
Saves us from poverty.

If you see the moon-face of my beauty  
With your eyes,  
Tell me what kind of stones were on  
The earrings in his ears?

All the ones who are scattered and have gone away  
Will eventually come back to His temple.  
Just like a shadow,  
It doesn't matter how long it becomes.  
It will return to you.

If you wear the same kind of mantle;  
If you are my confidant;  
Tell me, how was the face of the Sheikh?

God would save the place  
Which is mute and impotent.  
God would pity time  
Which is pregnant constantly,  
And brings new events.

If you have reached Absence;  
If you know the secrets without being told;  
Tell me, what was the sign and the meaning  
Of the One who spoke in the silence?

O heart, burn in the fire of His love.  
O life, be eternal.  
Eternity has come; has reached out to you.

If you did not sleep;  
If you know the situations of last night;  
What was the shout in the middle of the night?  
What was the exuberance?

You want to mend broken hearts,  
But those hearts will all be hurt.  
You wanted to show the way of salvation,  
Then You kept me in prostration.

Something has happened.  
We tore our clothes, broke our bodies.  
Bring one small piece of it.  
What was the color?  
How was the smell of it?

Don't go straight in the direction of your nose  
And get hurt.  
Don't be hidden like the fountain of life.  
Don't prostrate half-face.

If you are inside the belly of a fish, like Jonah,  
You are saved to be caged by the sea.  
What was the meaning of that sea,  
That roughness, that overflowing? Tell me.

"What would happen," he said,  
"If my beloved kindly loved me?"  
"Your love won't influence him,  
Doesn't make him a lover."

If you knew all the humans  
And genies and their origins,  
You would understand  
They all come from the same source.  
Then, why this hate, this separation?

O, One who is the brightness and freshness  
Of my joy and pleasure,  
How would you excite me?  
When and how would my eyes smile?  
My Master is not with me.

If you see the soul  
Who has no front or back, left or right,  
Why is it that when lovers think about it,  
There will be back, front, left and right?

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O firmament, if I become drunk  
With the wine you offer me,  
I become like you. I act like an enemy.  
I turn into someone who denies God's blessing.

If we are not the real purpose of love;  
If our name was not at the beginning of love's book;  
What are all those thousands of books?  
News and gossip ?<sup>132</sup>



## 80.

*Verse 917*

What is soul in your presence?  
It isn't worth mentioning.  
You are soul.  
Anything else is body, an empty name.

Although the Moon washes your face  
With ten hands,  
It is not its place to be your servant,  
Your slave.

It is nice to be in love.  
Love is the best thing of all.  
But love is not permissible  
Without the face of our beloved.

I vow on the soul of love,  
That without two souls meeting and merging,  
There is separation between lover and the beloved.  
Union is not completed.

There is no end to the blessings of God's wine.  
If it appears to be limited, it is because of the glass.

The moonlight enters the house,  
As much as the size of its windows allow.  
Even if its light extends east to west,  
Still that is the truth.

Go and make the glass of existence stronger,  
Because that wine is in its prime.  
It has no beginning of its beginning.

Thousands of souls have wanted to come,  
But I only took one over there.  
He asked me where the rest of them were.  
The rest of them, "Will be my debt to you," I said.

His eyes stay in between hope and fear.  
In order to mature,  
The young lover becomes his company.

What a nice guest.  
He has plundered thousands of homes.  
But all health and soundness  
Have been looking for His greeting.

The paintings that painter has done  
Are all inside the house.  
If you want to see the Moon, look from the roof.  
The Moon will be seen from the roof.

Good news has arrived.  
Shems of Tebriz has been seen in Damascus.<sup>133</sup>  
If he is in Damascus,  
Neither dawn nor morning will be seen.



# 81.

## *Verse 929*

**T**he one who has been drunk with wine,  
Fallen at the corner of the tavern,  
Doesn't have faith and prosperity.  
He is good for nothing.

It is not possible to be spring or winter  
Even one month for a being  
Who is full of fire but not water.

I also have fallen down, ruined in the tavern;  
Have been drunk in obeying God's rules.  
There is always good and bad in a big town.

For me, those drunks who have fallen to drinking,  
Are the real hangover themselves.  
They have houses which are hidden  
Like the ones in the city of Rey.<sup>134</sup>

Trees of devoutness are all blooms  
Adorned by flowers,  
By the vine, but not the kind you know.

The one who belongs to the sect of Itizal.<sup>135</sup>  
Has seen me and understood  
That my existence became nothingness.  
Then he said, "Yes, I saw.  
Nothingness could become something."

I swear by shadows, Sun of Shems of Tebriz,  
That timelessness and Absence could be a shadow;  
Could be the sun.



## 82.

### *Verse 936*

**T**ell the people to stay away  
From my burned, ruined heart.  
For God's sake, be careful of the fire-faced ones.

There is a certain power  
In the fire of these faces.  
They will remove all your peace  
And leave you up in the air.

A voice comes to the one who becomes lazy,  
"The Solomon of love is alive. Get busy."

Don't be lazy. The caravan is about to leave.  
Put together your belongings, make bail.

The four feet of nature cannot go down this road.  
Leave the soil and leave the air.  
Give up water and fire.

My eyes don't want the salve of Isfahan.<sup>136</sup>  
Put the soil of Tebriz in them.

Greatness is from Shems of Tebriz  
Who is the sultan of souls.  
Dissolve your being in front of his greatness.





# 83.

## *Verse 943*

**T**ell the ones  
Who protect my beautiful-faced beauty,  
To put the evil eyes asleep  
So they won't see Joseph.

You make strangers content  
Sometimes by asking them.  
And sometimes by answering them.

When everybody becomes involved  
With questions and answers,  
You grab the glass full of wine  
And go to your own privacy.

When it comes to the heart,  
Who is not concerned with questions and answers?  
He becomes an obvious Sun. Run to him.

Scatter soil to the eyes  
So that its mind is up in the air.  
Water the fiery eyes of the envious  
With tears.

Anyone who plunges in water,  
Other than this fountain of life,  
Becomes the oasis of death.  
Turn your face from this oasis.

There is eternity in the fountain of life.  
You also give up these hundreds of  
Different colors of living, young and old.

Does the lover, who is full of love's fire,  
Pursue all these good deeds  
In order to acquire merit just like you?

When He kindly opens the palm of generosity,  
Doesn't it make sense if you talk about the clouds?

If the army of Zengibar<sup>137</sup> wounds the land of body,  
You are the army of Rum's<sup>138</sup> Kaiser,  
Attack and defeat that army.

While He makes the world of soul  
Prosperous in one glimpse,  
Why are you talking about the owl  
Pf that ruined body?

There are a hundred thousand of Rum's prisoners  
In the hands of the negroes.  
For what are you waiting?  
Break the fetters and free yourself from bondage.

The glory flag of Shemseddin,  
To whom the world becomes a slave and servant,  
Has come.  
O falcon-like one, run; reach His temple.



# 84.

*Verse 956*

I must meet and merge with You.  
What could the morning breeze do to me?  
I turn into ground and spread under your feet.  
What's the use of sky?  
What do I have to do with that?

O sugar-lipped beauties,  
What's the value of your charms and beauty for me,  
After seeing the face of the Sultan?

My heart has melted like sugar in water,  
Dissolved and gone from the beloved's beauty.  
What help is there for me from your bright face,  
Which resembles the moon?

Fate has put a belt of the chosen on my waist.  
But, what can I do with dress and belt,  
If that known Sultan is not around?

I show all my bad temper, and a thousand deceits,  
But I cannot beat love.  
What's the use of temper,  
If the Sultan doesn't help and show friendship.

Existence and Absence are for me to serve Him,  
What can I do with existence if He is not there?

The cupbearer is to extinguish the fire of lung.  
So is water.  
But, O Heart, if lung turns into blood,  
What can you expect from the cupbearer?

The sky is wailing from my constant prayers, my cries.  
But, if fate is not agreeable, what could prayer do?

Don't say that. What do you know?  
Trouble is a secret door.  
The only One who knows the benefit of trouble  
Is God.

O heart, the ransom of your blood  
Is the air of His love.  
Don't ever say I have been killed.  
What's the use of ransom?

Come to your senses.  
Try very hard to become soil in this way.  
It is necessary to be ground.  
What's the use of the heights?

Go. Reach God's Shems of Tebriz.  
Be his poor one, O my soul, my beloved.  
What's the use of richness?

What's the power of thousands of shadows;  
Thousands of shadows  
Of that bird of fortune in the sky  
Where the sun of heart shines brilliantly?

The bird of fortune and its shadow,  
Are all a patch of darkness over there.  
What else could darkness do in front of light,  
But disappear?

O Heart, how long will you be talking  
About your loyalty?  
Go and reach the Sea of Loyalty.  
That loyalty has no use for you.

O Heart, if you want eternal pleasure  
To reflect and shine on your face,  
Defeat the soldiers who cut off your road.  
Take them as prisoners.  
What's the use of this fun and pleasure for you?

When you give up greatness,  
You plunge into God's cleanliness and pleasure.  
Then you understand  
This greatness was not any help for you.



# 85.

Verse 973

**T**he melodies of spring,  
The joys and pleasures of spring  
Are coming from Shemseddin again.  
The cheers of glasses,  
And daily happiness from greens  
Are coming again.

My heart is tired of wine and the cupbearer.  
Because His time of union is coming  
With open arms.

My heart's pigeon has flown for hunting.  
How happy is the time  
When he will come back from hunting.

I kept beating the drum of invitation,  
Hoping the beloved would hear and come.  
Then my pale face would look a thousand times better.

That magnificent beauty belongs to my beloved.  
Beauty has settled down on his face  
Which resembles the Moon.  
Maybe I will find peace and comfort because of him.

I pray the rose garden will blossom  
And come to the arms of this thorn.  
With this expectation, my heart calms down.

Fractional love comes and starts gambling.  
Many heads will be lost, like gambling dice,  
For the love of that pearl.

I have no doubt about his drunkenness.  
But I know that when he becomes sober,  
He will give up his belligerence and fighting.  
He will feel a hangover.

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There is no sorrow for me from this hangover  
As long as that glass, which scatters flames,  
Will come into my hand again.

If I attain His innumerable favors,  
Thousands of fountains of life  
Will fall into my hands.

I asked my pale face, which turned into gold's color,  
"How long will you stay like that?  
My soul keeps crying because of your withering."

It answered me with words of pure gold,  
"I will stay like pale gold until my  
Silver-statured beloved comes back."

I asked him, "How could you stay alive  
After that soul left you?  
When that Beauty returns,  
What excuse will you give him?"

I don't know anything.  
All I know are the sounds of, "Ah, Tebriz, ah."  
The sounds of "beware, beware,"  
Are coming from my heart again.



# 86.

*Verse 988*

*L*et's start drinking again,  
Because I stepped on treasure.  
All the backs have become fronts  
Because of that trusted beauty.

I shouldn't keep hoping  
That heart will come back again.  
The heart who went to the quarter of Love  
Won't return.

Fiery envoys are coming from love to me.  
I should run toward love.  
Because all these troubles have been created by love.

Neither have I eyes on my head,  
Nor sleep left in my eyes because of His wine.

Is it possible that my head has fallen  
In the hands of that Cupbearer  
Who serves clean and pure wine?  
Or has become a wine-filled pumpkin?

I sit at the table of love.  
I taste its bread and salt.  
Love becomes my throat.  
I swallowed myself in the first bite.

I have a jar in my hand.  
I run to the sea of meanings.  
But, when the water of soul was filled,  
My container turned to water.



I went to the place of a beauty of Rum  
At evening praying time.  
When he looked up and saw me,  
He came down from upstairs.

He took his head from outside the window.  
He was shining like a bright light.  
Upstairs, the house and this slave all became like him.

We put our finger on our lips.  
Meanings are very deep.  
Soul has been burned and has become Him  
Because of Shems, to whom Tebriz gives praise.



# 87.

## *Verse 997*

What a shape the violet garden  
Has become because of the wind  
Coming from that auspicious door.  
The trees of the real world are growing,  
Becoming green from that spring.

Heart came out of the city of creation,  
Entered the city of truth.  
God only knows what changes occur to that heart there.

The humdrum noise of the brave,  
The sound of the reed flute of graceful ones,  
Its time to drink morning wine.  
How was that magical air changing?  
How was the pomegranate-colored wine  
Changing its color?

What was happening to thousands  
Of drunk nightingales;  
To lovers whose hearts have been snatched  
At the presence of that wonder,  
When they see the face of the beloved?

When love embraced his lover  
And held his silverish chest,  
What was happening to the lover  
In those arms with the sweet kisses?

What was the rose tasting?  
What was the thorn doing at that place  
Where you cannot separate rose from thorn?

The love, who was swaying from side to side,  
Covered himself with the dress of the Beloved,  
And arrived at the place of manifestation.  
What kind of thing was happening  
There and with what amusement?

Love affected the wind, fire, water and soil.  
To what condition were these four changing  
With just one look of love?

A fire spread to a tree from Shems,  
To whom Tebriz gives praise.  
Trees become so different.  
So does the fruit with these charming flames.



# 88.

## *Verse 1006*

☉ beautiful one whose face is like the Moon,  
Look at the heart, you are there.  
That's why you should respect day and night.

The one who has a Beloved like You  
Who is beautiful and gives peace to heart;  
Cannot fit in the world with his joy and happiness.

The hand of the one who becomes a shadow  
To your moon face and tall stature,  
Will reach and hold the collar of the sky.

Why shouldn't the one whose back  
Is warmed by your sun become brave?  
Of whom should he be scared?

My beautiful, why shouldn't the one  
Who wears the dress of your love  
Grab and pull the waist of the mountain?

You don't torment.  
But even if you want to torment the heart,  
Go ahead, don't worry.  
He is ready, and glad for anything  
Which comes from you.

Why shouldn't he accept that pleasant suffering?  
There is the pureness of water,  
The breath of morning's breeze in that suffering.

That great heart, which carries the seal of prophets,  
Burns in your fire of sorrow like incense;  
Spreads beautiful smells around.

Be silent, silent.

Leave the word to the One who

Creates words and their meaning.

There are other words which add soul to Soul

Besides the ones spoken with tongues.



# 89.

## Verse 1015

Every new thing which comes in contact  
With you becomes contaminated.  
Just like clean water when it washes a dirty body;  
It becomes dirty.

You have been nursed by Satan.  
Your blood and muscle have grown by him.  
Even if Beyazid<sup>139</sup> drank that milk,  
He would turn into Yezid.<sup>140</sup>

God called Satan, who gives anxiety to all,  
Obstinate and a rebel.  
Whoever smells Satan's breath and sucks his blood,  
Becomes like him; obstinate and a rebel.<sup>141</sup>

These two worlds resemble East and West.  
When you approach one of them  
You will go farther away from the other.

The person who feels nauseated,  
And vomits that milk,  
Will turn into Abu Sid<sup>142</sup> because of that nausea.

The heart of the one who leaves the head of the table  
And becomes soil for that door,  
Turns into the key to thousands of locked doors.

Don't talk about Husrev with the bitter face.  
Talk about Shirin.  
Because the Beloved comes forward  
When self is annihilated.

The unripened grape becomes sweet when it ripens.  
Festivity comes after the end of fasting month.

Be silent, don't show a mirror in the land of negros.  
You show the mirror to the Kaiser of Rum,  
And make him a disciple to you.



## 90.

*'Verse 1024*

Don't be surprised if that love  
Who is in love with the One  
Who gives beauty and shines the green  
Should return to me.

Patience doesn't have a road  
To reach to the heart of the Beloved.  
Don't talk about patience.

When love rattles its chain,  
The minds of Plato and Abul Hasan<sup>143</sup>  
Become befuddled.

I swear by the soul of love,  
That no soul can be saved from love,  
Even if he hides himself in hundreds of castle towers.

If you become a lion, love hunts lions.  
If you becomes an elephant, love becomes a rhinoceros.

If you go to the bottom of the well  
In order to run away and hide,  
Love will grab you like a bucket,  
Put his rope around your neck and pull you up.

If you turn into a hair,  
Love will split it to forty pieces.  
If you become a kebab, love will become a skewer,  
And burn you back and forth.



Love would snatch the mind of men and women,  
But the security of the universe is also love;  
So is justice and peace.

Be silent.  
The country of words is the Damascus of the soul.  
Don't call "stranger" the one who is  
In a country like that.



# 91.

## *Verse 1033*

Don't do it, you will be sorry.  
It will be bad afterward.  
Because the garden and meadow would  
Turn into a graveyard without the help of soul.

You gave the beard of your mind  
To the hand of your body.  
Then you kept pulling your hair  
And your beard with sorrow and sadness.

Fight with yourself with arms and teeth.  
That kind of fight helps the peace.

If you have escaped from the paws of the lion  
And run away, like a gazelle,  
That Moon also runs away from you  
And rides with the lion.

Neither your ear hears the words  
Of the merciful Beloved,  
Nor is his cypress-stature seen by your eyes.

Board the boat of soul.  
Hold firmly the skirt of Noah.  
Keep going on the sea of love which becomes calm  
And quite one moment and rough the next.

Leave this coyness.  
Don't fall into boredom and frustration.  
Coyness is not for you.  
That is only for that beautiful Moon-faced Beloved.

I became cruel when I called him "Moon."  
Hundreds of suns and moons are jealous of him.

Be silent, don't talk.  
Don't ever start counting sand.  
How can you count the things which are  
Beyond number?



## 92.

### *Verse 1042*

When you have a toothache,  
Your tooth becomes an enemy to you.  
Your tongue will keep turning around it  
Like a doctor.

If a head is split open among the heads,  
The one who takes care of that will stay around.

When the potter loses one earthen jar in the water,  
His mind will be stuck with that jar.

We are your broken down slaves, O Beloved.  
You are the Sultan.  
The grace and favors of sultans  
Look for slaves and servants.

Don't keep your sweet favors away from us.  
All other favors are the slave of that favor.  
Even poison will become sweet with that favor;  
Will have a good disposition.

If the sweetness of your Lahavle<sup>144</sup>  
Was destined for Satan,  
His face would turn into a Moon.  
Even angels would be happy from the demon.

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If Your grace and kindness looks favorably on any sin,  
That sin will clean and purify all guilt from the heart.

The dirty would become clean.  
The dead would come back to life.  
The snake would turn into a staff with that grace.  
Like the blood of the musk gazelle  
Becomes musk and has that beautiful smell.

When you let one traveller go to the land of Absence,  
He won't lose his way like a confused thought.

You are the Soul of souls.  
Your name is love.  
The one who gets arms and wings will fly to greatness.

Be silent.  
The one whose mouth is sweetened with love,  
Won't turn around and gossip.

Be silent.  
The one who has seen the sea of the Beloved,  
Wouldn't be satisfied by walking around the river.



# 93.

*Verse 1054*

**W**hat would happen if the Beloved  
Caresses me for one moment?  
What would happen if this  
Tree smiles because of that spring?

What would happen if the image of the Beloved  
Comes near to me and inquires about me?  
What would happen if this lean body  
Should regain a new life and new soul?

We are His wounded prey.  
What would happen if He throws the arrow  
Of His magical eye and calls us with love  
To "Come, O prey?"

I turned into a bowl over water  
With the indecision of his love.  
What would happen if I reached the lip  
Of the Beloved, like a jar?

The arms of the ground are filled  
By tulips and pearls from my tears.  
What would happen if the Beloved  
Would once take me in His arms  
With the desire of Union?

He asked me, "What is your complaint?  
I have opened my arms a thousand times."  
It is true. But the fish of soul won't be  
Satisfied by a thousand embraces of the sea.  
It is not enough for the fish.

I have broken the halter of my mind  
From the string of camels.  
What is the value of a halter for His drunk camel?

If I broke my halter and threw my load off,  
What would happen?  
You'd assume a camel is missing from this caravan.

My heart is looking angrily,  
Saying, "Cut these words short."  
What would happen if one subtle point  
Jumps out from thousands of subtle points?

Love and Heart are like Ahmed and Abu-Bekr,  
Friends of the cave.  
What would happen if these friends have two names,  
But only one soul?

The seed of the pomegranate is either a thousand or one.  
When it is crushed, it all becomes one.  
What's the use of counting?  
What's the value of numbers?

Humar<sup>145</sup> and Hamr<sup>146</sup> are the same,  
But elif<sup>147</sup> between them separates the meaning.  
Once elif is removed, see what happens to Humar?



# 94.

*Verse 1066*

If love has the desire to embrace and kiss,  
Who could resist, my friend, who could?

When the Sultan goes hunting, the hunting place smiles.  
But when the Sultan becomes the hunt,  
What can you say to that?

When my heart becomes the drunk of such dreamy eyes,  
Even a thousand cups of wine  
Wouldn't take care of my hangover.

When I die and become soil,  
And my soil turns into small particles of dust;  
Every particle of mine will still  
Be in love with that beloved.

When the wind raises dust and you hear a tumult,  
You can be sure it is my particle in that dust.

A sigh is shy from your Moon face,  
But my heart is calmed.  
He doesn't bemoan it, I am shamed by him.

There is nothing better than to be patient nowadays.  
But not to you.  
Patience to you is a big shame.

O one, whose feet got stuck in existence  
While pursuing his benefits,  
How can you be benefited as long as you stay,  
Never outside of yourself?



Don't make a web with the smoke  
And saliva of the thought, like a spider.  
This texture and weaving is very weak, very fragile.

Go, leave thought to the one who gave it to you.  
Look at the Sultan, not thought.  
That Sultan will scatter jewels to you.

Because, when you keep silent talk will be His.  
When you stop sewing and weaving,  
The Almighty Creator is the One  
Who does the sewing and weaving.



# 95.

## *Verse 1077*

**D**on't give my heart to the hand of your separation.  
It is not like you.  
Don't kill your martyr, O beautiful one,  
That doesn't suit you.

You were kind and gracious to choose me.  
But, why did you leave me after that?  
O loyal one, why are you tormenting me?  
That doesn't suit you.

Your treasurer of favor gave me the suit of happiness.  
Don't take that kind of dress off of my body.  
That doesn't suit you.

You are only a front, like heart.  
Heart doesn't have a back.  
Don't turn your face away.  
That doesn't suit you.

I have mentioned something about your union,  
Your favor and your kindness.  
Say, "Yes. All right."  
It is not suitable for you to say,  
"Why or what," after saying, "Yes. All right."

You are the source of sweetness and honey.  
Sweetness and honey don't talk bitter.  
Don't talk bitter to our face.  
It is not suitable to you.

Say those words that each one is like a soul.  
Don't hide the candle at night time.  
It is not suitable for you.

Your trouble, which wears and tears the body,  
Is neither in nor out of the body.  
Don't ask where it is.  
That doesn't suit you.

My heart is in Your land of Absence,  
So Your image, in my heart, is also from that land.  
Don't separate these passengers.  
It is not suitable for you.

Don't close the door of the house.  
Watch the Sufis, tell them to, "Come in." Call us.  
Don't eat the Seville orange all by yourself.  
That is not suitable for you.

O Heart, go to sleep in front of thought.  
Leave this thought alone.  
Because, thought is the trap for heart.  
Don't try to go to God  
Before you are separated from everything.  
That is not suitable for you.



# 96.

*Verse 1088*

**B**rab the skirt of favor,  
Because it may run away suddenly.  
But don't pull him like an arrow,  
Because he may jump out of the bow.

All kinds of tricks and deceits He plans.  
He appears in forms and shapes that He created;  
Then He runs away from the road of soul.

You search for Him in the sky.  
He reflects on water like the moon sparkles and shines.  
You enter the water and He escapes to the sky.

You look for Him in the land of Absence.  
He shows His trace in the world of existence.  
When you keep searching there,  
He goes to Nothingness.

There is no fast messenger  
In the body of the bird of doubt.  
Make sure that the One who has attained certainty,  
Stays away from doubt.

I stay away from this and from that.  
It is not that I am afraid.  
It is from boredom, because my charming  
Beloved stays away from this and that.

I am flying away from everywhere  
With the love of a rose.  
It is such a rose that it is not afraid  
Of the cold winds of fall.  
It doesn't leave the rose garden.

He runs away immediately  
If I want to mention his name.  
You wouldn't even know who ran away.

He will run away from you in such a way,  
That if you drew His picture on paper,  
His picture would fly away from the paper.  
There wouldn't be any trace left in heart.



# 97.

*Verse 1097*

**B**ravo for that Nothingness,  
Which grabbed and ran with our existence.  
In fact, the world of Soul is created  
By the love of Nothingness.

Wherever Nothingness touches,  
Existence diminishes and ends.  
What kind of nothing is that?  
When it comes, it adds more existence to exist.

I have been acquiring my being  
From Absence for many years.  
Yet, Absence snatched my being with one look.

I have saved myself from self  
And the worries of tomorrow.  
I have been saved from fear and hope.  
The bondage of, "Will or won't and yes or no."

The mountain of self is like a piece of straw  
In front of the wind of Nothingness.  
Is there any self that this wind won't blow away?

What is self?  
What is Nothingness?  
What is straw?  
And what is a mountain?  
Come O words, get out of this door.  
Come down from the roof.



# 98.

## Verse 1103

**W**e will either lose or gain  
When we become earth.  
I might as well become earth now  
And learn what will happen.

To already become earth is the work for lovers.  
Because God shows them how to break the ties  
And pull down the barriers.

We will follow the order of, "Die before your death."<sup>148</sup>  
And start fighting with our mean body,  
Like Muhammed.

To attribute a partner to God, and most religions,  
Is the result of self indulgence.  
Smoke which smells bad comes from dried dung,  
Not from aloe wood.

One moment He becomes soil  
Then He turns into water.  
Sometimes He is fire,  
Next He becomes smoke.

One moment He is woof the next warp.  
One moment He is friend,  
The next He is shame, then becomes modesty.

For the eyes of people who sit at the side,  
He appears in thousands of different forms.  
But, in your eyes, He doesn't increase or decrease.  
He doesn't change.

Hell and heaven are in front of Muhammed's eye.  
But others don't see them.  
For them, they are hidden behind the curtain.

The branches and fruits of the trees in heaven  
Are in front of Muhammed, so much so that,  
He could pick them up if He wanted to reach them.

He picks them up and gives them to Sahabe.<sup>149</sup>  
But the fruits become melted, turn into water.  
Because it is not the time to show them.





# 99.

## Verse 1113

A voice came to souls, saying,  
"Why are you dragging your feet,  
Coming to a standstill?  
Return to your real house, your real country."

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The Kafdagi<sup>150</sup> of our certainty  
Is the origin of your being.  
You are the phoenix, fly nicely to Kafdagi.

Such a chain has been put on your muddy feet.  
Work hard to break this chain to pieces.  
Free your feet.

Start the journey from this strange land.  
Go back to your home.  
Make your intent serious for this journey.  
You are tired of this separation.

How long will you spend your life  
With this rotten buttermilk  
And the water of the wells of the desert?

God created your wings with energy and zeal.  
Since you are alive move,  
Show some sign of perseverance.

Laziness decays the wings of hope.  
Once your wings and arms are broken,  
And have fallen, guess where you will be?

You don't care for this salvation.  
You are not bored  
Staying in the bottom of the well, is that so?  
Then good for you. Congratulations.  
Stay there.

To jump to the other side of the water  
Is to take warning,  
But nothing else.  
Jump to this side.  
What kind of young one are you?

How come you're trying to crush  
Water in the mortar of lust?  
If you don't have water,  
You blow through the wind of words,  
Try to measure them.

God told the grass of earth to be small,  
Scrub bushes, bits.<sup>151</sup>  
How come you have been chewing thorns,  
Like an animal,  
At the pastures of this world?

Come on, wine has come from the jar.  
Be ready. Don't smear your body just  
For jelly and sweet pastry.

The beauty of soul is looking in a mirror.  
Come on. Shine and clean rust from the mirror.

They don't allow me to put a surname on these words.  
If you are looking for a river, search for the source of it.



# 100.

*Verse 1127<sup>152</sup>*

When my coffin walks  
On top of people, on the day when I die,  
Don't think I am sorry by separation from the earth,  
And have a desire for life. Don't ever doubt me.

Don't cry for me.  
Don't say what a pity.  
Pity is to fall in the trap; a game of Satan.  
Don't say pity, pity for me.

Don't start yelling, farewell, farewell,  
When you see my funeral.  
That is the time of union for me.

When my coffin is placed in the grave,  
Don't cry, farewell, farewell.  
Because the grave is the curtain to heaven.

You have seen the sunset.  
Now watch the sunrise.  
No damage comes to the sun and moon  
From their setting.

It looks to you like it's setting,  
But actually it is rising.  
The grave appears like a jail,  
But it is the salvation of soul.

Whatever seed has been sown, hasn't it grown?  
Do you have any doubts about the seed of men?

Which bucket went down the well,  
And hasn't come up full of water?  
Why does the soul of Joseph cry from the well?

When you close your mouth here,  
You open it on the other side.  
Now your humdrum life is in the air  
Of the land of Absence.



# 101.

## *Verse 1136*

○ my Moon-faced one, look at my heart.  
You are there.  
Just for that reason,  
It is necessary to respect the heart day and night.

The heart which has a Beloved like You,  
Won't fit in the universe because of its joy and pleasure.

Why wouldn't the one,  
Whose back is warmed by your sun, be brave?  
Why should he be afraid?

If there is grief in my heart,  
That is just for Your enjoyment.  
The generosity of my hand is from Your hand,  
Your pocket.

Your beautiful image is running  
Away from me like a savage.  
Because my body is a picture,  
In a shape that has hands and feet.

That formless image satisfies me,  
And hundreds like me, with forms.  
Then the lover becomes annihilated.

The naked one who wears sunshine says,  
"How happy is the one who has gold-laced dresses."

The one on whom sunshine is reflected,  
Doesn't expect or want  
The shadow of the bird of fortune.

Make sure Moses, who killed the Pharoah,  
Is in this town.  
You don't see his staff, but he does have one.

His hands always hold the halter of the sky,  
Because there is a ring of loyalty  
On the finger of his soul.

He has not suffered with sorrow and grief.  
Even if he does, it is alright for him.  
Thirsty is contented with water, whatever water does.

The troubles of water cannot be worse  
Than grief and sorrow.  
He suffers from thirst and love  
With the one who gives water to him.

It doesn't matter if the morning wind  
Breaks a few branches in the garden.  
Whatever the garden has  
Was not created by the wind.

When you drink love's wine,  
Hear the invitation to be burned, fired and roasted  
From the one who has the seal of Prophets in his heart  
And has reached the glory and kingdom.

For three months, earth closes its mouth,  
Doesn't say anything.  
But each piece of ground knows  
What is hidden inside of it.

Spring, your sugar cane grows in the ground  
Which contains beans and lentils.

How come the person who is honored with your favor,  
The one who found the kible of praying,  
Doesn't bend like the Dal<sup>153</sup> in prayer.

The one who turns his back to the sun,  
Accepts his shadow as his Imam.<sup>154</sup>  
He follows his shadow.  
His namaz is not valid.

Be silent and hear the words,  
"The silent one is saved."<sup>155</sup>  
Be silent.  
Our effort of word searching finds you  
Fit for silence.<sup>156</sup>



# 102.

## *Verse 1155*

*L*ove took my sleep away, and sleep carried off love.  
The real lover cannot sleep.  
In fact, love won't pay the price  
f a half-grain for reasoning.

Love is a black lion who drinks waterless blood;  
Stays only in the place stained with lover's blood.

He approaches nicely, leads you to the trap;  
When you have fallen in His trap,  
Then he walks back and watches you from a distance.

He is a capable, strong and powerful master.  
A brave, fearless policeman.  
He gives you a hard time;  
Tortures you even when he knows you are innocent.

The one who has fallen in His hand cries like clouds.  
But, the one who is away from Him turns into ice.

He drinks a thousand glasses of wine every moment.  
Then He spills and breaks all of them.  
He sews thousands of suits of clothes,  
Then tears and throws them out.

He made thousands of eyes cry then gave them a smile.  
He kills thousands of people who wail and cry,  
And then counts thousands of them as just one.

The phoenix flies to Kafdagi very nicely.  
But when he sees the trap of love,  
He falls right in, can't go anywhere.



Nobody could be freed of His ties  
By acting crazy or foolish.  
No wise one could get out of His trap,  
By using his mind and intelligence.

My mind has been confused because of Him.  
Otherwise I would show His way,  
The things He does, one by one.

I would show you how He hunts lions,  
How He catches the prey.



# 103.

*Verse 1166*

What a Sultan is He that He  
Creates sultans out of soil.  
He shows Himself poor,  
In order to please the heart of a few poor ones.

With the order of, "Lend unto Allah a goodly loan,"<sup>157</sup>  
He begs like the poor.  
He does all that to give you property,  
Goods and a place where you can stand.

He stops by the side of the dead and gives life to him;  
Looks at sickness and changes it to remedy.

He chills the wind and freezes it.  
He warms the water, boils and makes air out of it.

Don't look down on this world because it is temporary.  
In the end, He makes even this world eternal.

It is a wonder how that secret substance  
Turns copper into gold.  
But instead, you really look at the copper  
And wonder how  
It creates the secret substance from copper,  
Every moment.

If your heart is locked a thousand times, don't be afraid.  
Look for the store of love.  
The key which opens the heart is over there.

There is someone who draws a thousand pictures  
At the idol house for us, without pen and without tools.

He has made thousands of pictures of Leyla,  
And thousands of Mecnun.  
How beautiful this picture God made for Himself.

Don't cry, Even if your heart is like iron in firmness.  
He will make it a shiny, sparkling mirror  
With the varnish of His kindness.

When you are separated from friends  
And buried in the grave,  
He makes snakes and ants  
Friends and acquaintances to you.

Didn't He make the snake  
For help and support to Moses?  
Didn't He change cruelty to loyalty every moment?

Look at your body which resembles the grave.  
He creates so many heart-catching images  
There every second.

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Where does He create all of these?  
He hides His place from the gossip of the people.  
Even if you split open your chest, you can't see it.

There is an old proverb  
Which has been said for a long time,  
"Eat the grape, don't ask the vineyard."  
God keeps bringing two hundred  
Springs of satisfaction  
From the rock.

If you break the rock you can't find a trace of water.  
He brings water from the land of Absence  
Not from the bottom or the top.

This quality, this quantity of things  
Vorne from Nothingness.  
He creates hundreds of thousands of people  
Who call bela<sup>158</sup> out of la.<sup>159</sup>

Look at these two lights.  
They keep glowing in two pieces of fat.  
Look at your eyes and don't be surprised  
When He makes a dragon out of a staff.

Look at your ears, where there are two ambers.  
How amazing it is that He attracts words to  
Two holes like amber.

He gives life to the palace  
Then makes him own the palace.  
When He takes the owner, he sets up another palace.

The body of the owner of the palace  
Is buried underground.  
But He gave the land of greatness  
To his heart as a home.

To the eyes of the one who worships the body,  
The owner of the palace is gone.  
But He just dressed in different form.  
He appears differently.

Be silent. Praise little with the tongue,  
So that God will make you praise and be praised.



# 104.

## *Verse 1189*

**A**t the time of evening namaz<sup>160</sup>, at sunset,  
Night closes the door of senses  
And opens the door  
Of the land of Absence.

Like a shepherd drives the herd toward the pasture,  
The angel of sleep puts the souls in front  
And leads them.

He takes them to the spiritual meadow land  
Of Nothingness  
And shows them such cities and such gardens.

When sleep erases the pictures of this world,  
The soul sees thousands of amazing forms,  
Amazing people.

It seems like you say soul has lived there for a long time.  
It neither remembers this, nor feels the pressure of that.

He is freed from the worries of properties,  
The goods of earth.  
He doesn't remember any of them;  
Forgets the grief and sorrows.



# 105.

*Verse 1195*

**I**s there a lip from which  
The smell of soul doesn't come?  
Is there a heart in which He doesn't have a trace?

If there are no provisions coming from  
That famous table,  
Why is every particle chewing cud like a camel?

If they are not smelling the smell of the stew  
From that pot,  
What do the dogs of nature smell at the left and right?

If a spear doesn't come to hearts  
From the land of Absence,  
How come the lion's paws are trembling,  
Like the petals of a rose?

If the majesty and sound of the shepherd  
Doesn't come to their souls,  
How come thousands of sheep and wolves  
Are playing together.

Hundreds of yells and shouts  
Are coming to soul, not ears.  
Put your mind in your head and listen.  
Is it true or not?

If help doesn't come  
From the other world every moment,  
How come your soul keeps growing in this old world?

You put soil on your eyes with your own hand,  
That's why you don't see new forms clearly.

Watch a hundred thousand zulkayren<sup>161</sup>  
Whose horns are broken.  
There are many friends and acquaintances,  
But the victorious one doesn't appear.

He washes your hand, your mouth  
With the water of loyalty.  
That's why that smell of soul's wine  
Doesn't come in each breath.

Nobody has stepped in the garden of Love  
Without receiving hundreds of greetings  
From that gardener.

There are millions of tents beyond love  
That cannot be comprehended  
Because of their greatness.

A star shines on your insides every moment,  
Saying, "Beware. Don't talk.  
Not even a small part of this comes from the sky."

Close your mouth.  
Let the One who creates your mouth do the telling.  
He tells things in such a way that you  
Are unable to say them with your tongue.



# 106.

## *Verse 1209*

**M**y fire is blazing more and more.  
Call for the water.  
Grief has made me a prisoner.  
Free me from the disbeliever.

Although you are drunk, you are not aware  
That God gave you such eyesight.  
You don't even know.

When that face with beautiful eyes appears,  
Leave all troubles and sorrows.  
Tear thousands of dresses.

Hair grew in your eyes while looking at,  
And concentrating on, trivial things.  
Why don't you look at His beautiful face and hair?  
Why don't you see Him?

Why aren't you being subordinate?  
Instead, you have the ambition to be master.  
All the sour grapes are ripened.  
Are you blind? Are you deaf?

Don't look strange to your acquaintances.  
You are human in shape.  
But in reality, you are an angel.

You have thousands of doorkeepers  
And thousands of armed guards.  
They are all waiting for your orders.  
Yet, you are far away. You are on a journey.



You are under a blanket; have never flown.  
But your soul has already gone to the sky.

The fragments of soul have been driven  
To the pasture of attributes.  
Why don't you stay in heaven,  
Where you were born and grew?

If a tree obtains its nourishment from there  
And becomes taller, why is your essence so weak,  
Even though you are a male lion?

Where are you running with  
Thousands of different acts of prostration?  
Where is the eye which would see and tell you,  
That you are the sword, you are the shield?

I have spoken thousands of words for this but my  
Meaning has become more obscure for you.  
How ignorant have you been?

Skill is clumsy at this door,  
O ones who have art and talent.  
You are not one of them.  
How come you have such joy?

All this life is on the order of, "Sacrifice the cow."<sup>162</sup>  
If you are fond of life, how come you are after the cow?

What's the value of a cow?  
Thousands of lions are slaves and servants for you.  
Thousands of golden crowns were brought here.  
Why do you worry about the belt?

At night, the moon  
Is preaching your sermon on the pulpit.  
If you have any sense and understanding,  
How come you are involved so much  
With stories and fables?

Where are the beautiful words of the Moon?  
Where is the dream of an army?  
You have a conical hat on your head.  
Don't walk, swaying, with a scarf.

You have found a golden jug and drank lots of water.  
Be silent so you won't burst your stomach.



# 107.

## Verse 1227

⓪ the essence of my wish, my intention,  
Is that whoever repents from the love  
Of your beautiful face,  
I pray his repentance won't be accepted.

Thousands of thanks. Praise be to God,  
That Your love took the world under its wing.

The old world has been reading Evrad<sup>163</sup> all its life  
In order to reach the morning of your beautiful face.

You show Your sovereignty, Your brotherhood,  
There is no wish left unanswered  
By the grace of Your beauty.

We have heard that Joseph did not sleep for ten years;  
Begged God for forgiveness of his brothers.

He said, "My God, if you don't show them mercy,  
I will shake this building with my yells, my clamour.

Forgive them their sins."  
They repented a lot later.  
They sinned suddenly and didn't know it.

Joseph's feet have swollen up from standing all night.  
He suffers pain in his eyes from crying.

Suddenly, a cry for help was heard in the world  
Of God's spiritual dominion.  
Angels all started to wail.  
At the end the sea of kindness has risen,  
And unties all ties.

Fourteen of them were favored.<sup>164</sup>  
Clothes were given to them and they were told,  
"You fourteen are prophets, messengers  
And the leaders of humans."

That's the way saints do.  
They work day and night  
To save the people from suffering.

They solve people's problems in such a quiet way.  
Besides God, who has Grace and kindness,  
Nobody would know.

The way Hizir helps at sea;  
The way Elijah helps on land;  
They help the people who are lost.

They give endless treasures;  
Solve the most difficult problems.  
They throw away the rubbish.  
They give satin dresses.

It is enough now.  
I will tell the rest tomorrow.  
At night there is a Moon, but also darkness.



# 108.

*Verse 1242*

 elam<sup>165</sup> to You.

The "S" of selam came from You,  
Gave selam and jumped out;  
Ran away and didn't like anyone but You.

Selam's pigeons are flying around Your roof.  
In fact, nobody will have any safety or security  
Without taking shelter under Your roof.

Every bird gets its wings from You.  
How can anyone not be desperate expecting anything  
From anyone but You.

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Whenever you see a bird whose wings has been burned,  
You can be sure it has been in a trap because of greed.

You are the River of Heaven.  
The one whose heart has been burned,  
Comes to You.  
After he reaches You  
He will grow new arms and wings.



# 109.

## *Verse 1247*

**I** have arrived at such a level with love,  
That even love doesn't know that stage.  
The situation has become such  
That even mind is confused.

Mind has saved me from many torments  
And many difficulties in the past.  
But, if mind becomes stuck here,  
Who will save me?

O heart, are you so drunk that you  
Gave your heart to the mind and depended on it?  
Mind doesn't have a place of its own.  
Where is it going to settle you down?

The quality of mind is nothing but its work.  
Yet, look what love is able to do.  
Love may offer souls to the one who looks at Him.

If you put thousands of  
Souls, hearts and minds together,  
Even then you cannot reach the window of the beloved  
If love is not with you.

The only way to see the face of the Beloved  
Is to get into the trap of His half-divided hair.  
Even then you should keep trying.  
Your trials will mature you.

You are such a falcon that He covers your eyes.  
His hand is the only one which will open.  
But, He makes you run  
Like a partridge in every direction.

I will be a slave and a servant to the sleep of the one  
Who laid down on the threshold of help,  
Because he doesn't fall into a deep sleep there.

The gazelle that has the heart of a lion,  
Saves many gazelles from the lion.

If the hunter likes to sympathize with one bird,  
Thousands of trapped birds  
Will be freed from their trap.

The heart, which falls in love with Shemseddin,  
Who stays in Tebriz,  
Becomes the sultan of the sky and Moon,  
And rides his horse in the sky.



# 110.

## *Verse 1258*

**T**he red rose in the garden is in an uproar,  
Saying, "Smell my mouth. What does it smell like?"

The ones in the garden are all drunk,  
But nothing like the rose.  
They all drink from a glass.  
The rose has the jug.

Since this year is the year of pleasure and joy,  
The days are for music and dancing.  
How lucky for me, and anyone like me,  
Who makes joy and drinking his routine.

Why doesn't the one who has a Moon-faced  
Eternal cupbearer,  
Come and sit in the garden, just like us?

Everyone in the garden is drinking God's wine,  
But none of them has a throat.

How strange that trees become pregnant like Mary.  
But how strange is it  
They have neither lover nor husband?

A thousand times He burned and ruined the greenery.  
Then He adorned it.  
What love does He have toward us?  
What does He look for from us?

We are alive with Him.  
So is the garden and meadow.  
He has such a fine, elegant body.



Why has the thorn become armed?  
Why has the cloud's face become bitter?  
Because the red rose has so many enemies.

The mirror is in front of Him.  
The scales are in His hands.  
Either talk or be silent.  
But the Beloved is staying away from me,  
Saying, "He likes to gossip; talks too much."



# 111.

*Verse 1268<sup>166</sup>*

The red rose in the garden says,  
"Come and smell my mouth.  
What does it smell like?"

The rose offered me a glass,  
Asked if I drank wine.  
"Sure I drink wine," I said,  
"I have a mouth. I have a throat."

In order to drink the wine of Absence,  
That has the taste of "God would give water."<sup>167</sup> "  
One doesn't have to have a throat.  
You drink that wine without a mouth or throat.

I swear, by the Sun of His Greatness,  
That a small fragment of everything is hiding a jug  
And a pumpkin under its coat because of love.

I asked the rose, "At whom do you smile?"  
It answered me,  
"At the ugly one who has two husbands."

The place for the blind slave who needs two masters,  
Is in the street, like street dogs.

I asked the thorn, "Why do you have all these arms?"  
He said, "For the rose garden.  
Because the rose has hundreds of enemies."

You ask, "What is that?" from Shems,  
To whom Tebriz gives praise.  
If he doesn't answer and sends you away, be silent.  
There must be a reason.  
He is the only one who knows that.



# 112.

*Verse 1276*

**C**upbearer, offer the wine.  
My head and my turban both  
Would be sacrificed to you.  
Wherever a glass of soul comes from  
Take it and give it to us.

Come inside, swaying like a drunk.  
It is not proper for us to be sober  
As long as You are our cupbearer.

Offer the glass  
My soul has come to my mouth by desire.  
This is not the time for patience or decision.

Offer us the glass which is like you;  
Adds Soul to souls,  
And becomes the confidant of secrets,  
And a friend to our broken heart.

Offer that one that if one drop of it falls on black soil,  
Roses will grow there.  
Everywhere will become a rose garden.

Offer that ruby-colored wine,  
Which if it overflows at midnight,  
Its light fills the space between earth and sky.  
It shines and sparkles.

What a beautiful wine and wine cup that is.  
What a beautiful cupbearer.  
Souls would be sacrificed to them.

Come. Come there are hidden secrets in my heart.  
Offer ruby-colored wine to everyone.  
Don't leave even a curtain in between.

When you make me drunk;  
Then watch and see  
How to hunt lions at the hunting ground.

Congratulations.  
God saves you from evil eyes when  
The assembly is filled with the smell of glass,  
And the glory of the face of the Beloved.

There are thousands of drunks  
Who put their souls on plates,  
Asking to "Pick this and offer wine."  
And keep turning around that candle, like moths.

Even wine loses its way  
In the arteries of drunks  
Because of the melodies of musicians  
And the shouts of drunks.

See the young men of the caves?  
They drank wine and slept there  
For three hundred and nine years.<sup>168</sup>

What kind of wine was it that Moses  
Scattered to the magician?  
They all became drunk,  
Passed out and gave their hands and feet.<sup>169</sup>

The women of Egypt saw the face of Joseph  
And cut their henna-dyed fingers<sup>170</sup>

The auspicious Cupbearer  
Poured wine on Circis'<sup>171</sup> head,  
So he wasn't afraid of the fires of unbelievers.

They killed him a thousand times, maybe more.  
Yet he was saying, "I am drunk.  
I don't know.  
It was either one or a thousand."

Companions of the Prophet, Sahabe,  
Were jumping to swords, naked.  
They were all drunk  
With the wine of the Mohammed Muhtar.

No, that's wrong.  
Mohammed was not the cupbearer.  
He was a glass full of wine.  
God was the cupbearer for good people.

What kind of wine did Edhemoglu<sup>172</sup> drink  
That he gave up his throne and his country?

What kind of drunkenness is that drunkenness?  
One yelled, "I absolve myself  
From defective attributes."<sup>173</sup>  
The other, "I am the truth."  
And ended up on the gallows.<sup>174</sup>

The water became pure and clear  
With the smell of that wine,  
Running to the sea with prostration, like a drunk.

Earth changes from one color to another  
With the love of this wine.  
The cheek of fire has flames  
From the warmth of this wine.

If this is not the case,  
How come the wind became a friend of the garden  
And started telling stories about  
The garden and meadow's secret books?

Those four elements enjoy merging together.  
Plants, animals, men and the rest of the living things  
Are the result of this Union.

This black night has such a wine  
That just one glass of it takes  
The mind and intelligence  
From people and puts them out of business.

Which favor of the Creator can I talk about?  
His sea of power has no beginning and no end.

Let's drink love's wine and join the caravan  
Like a drunk camel; carry the load of love.

But we don't get the drunkenness,  
Which gives you desire of mind and intelligence.  
We want the drunkenness  
Which wakes to soul and mind.

We fall into drunkenness which makes  
You throw out everything but God.  
Because anything besides God is a headache,  
Stupidity.

Where is that clean wine?  
Where is the wine made from the grape?  
Clean wine is like life.  
The other is dirt.

Grape wine will turn you to a pig or monkey instantly.  
At the end, that red water makes your face black.

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Heart is the jug of God's wine.  
Open the lid of the jug.  
But nature sealed the lid with mud at the top of the jar.

If you take the mud from the top of the jar,  
The smell of a thousand things comes from inside.

If I start counting them, I won't be able  
To finish until the last day of judgment.

We cannot be reckoned with numbers<sup>175</sup>.  
We are incapable.  
Let's be silent, since the time of silence  
Offers us the glass of soul.

Go to the assembly of the lovers of Shems,  
Because even the Sun gets its light from Shems.





# 113.

## *Verse 1313*

Why is nobody in this caravan awake?  
Yet, a thief is stealing all the belongings  
Of their neat, clean life.

Why aren't you getting mad at the thief  
And for being asleep instead of feeling  
Bad toward the one who tells you this.

The One who makes you mad  
Is your guide, your mentor.  
The favors and protection of this world  
Are like trying to paint on water,  
They have no constancy.

Someone said to the house, secretly,  
"O, Building, don't ever become demolished.  
If you're falling down, let me know first.

One night the house suddenly collapsed.  
Do you know what the man said to the house?  
"I kept telling you so long what has happened,  
That my words haven't any effect on you at all.

Didn't I tell you, before you fall down and collapse,  
Let me know so I can escape  
With my family, my children.

O house, you fell down.  
You are ruined and you didn't even give a hint.  
What happened to our friendship all this time?  
You left me with tears and yells."

House answered him very clearly,  
"Day and night,  
How many times I've told you.

Cracks and dilapidation have occurred here and there.  
I opened my mouth, 'Put your mind in your head,  
The time has come, I will fall down.'  
I kept saying this until I became tired.

Instead, you were filling my mouth with mud.  
My walls were filled with holes.

Whenever I opened my mouth, you closed my mouth.  
You didn't let me tell you.  
What could I do, O Master Mason?"

Be sure, that house is your body.  
Pain and suffering are the cracks, the wear and tear.  
O patient, you are patching all the holes  
Of pain and suffering with mud.

This medicine,  
That remedy resembles mud with straw.  
Go ahead.  
Keep patching all the cracks and holes ,  
Constantly, with this mud.

The body opens its mouth to tell you, "I am gone."  
But the doctor comes and closes the mouth of the body,  
And won't let him talk.

This hangover, this confusion  
Is from the wine of the dead.  
It is not from the wine of the violet or pomegranate.

If you follow the custom;  
If you try to please him,  
This is nothing but hiding and being blindfolded.  
What's the use of hiding  
From someone who knows the secret?

Drink the wine of sorrow, the wine of turning to God.  
Eat the bread of the fear of God.  
Make paste out of repentance.  
Feed yourself with the food of repentance for your sins.

Put your hand to the pulse of your heart,  
Your faith, once and see how you are.  
Look at the bottle of worship;  
Not the bottle of urine.

Escape to God.  
He has the fountain of life.  
Ask His mercy with every breath.

If somebody comes out and says,  
"There's no use for wishes."  
Tell him, "Wishes also come from Him.  
How could they be useless?"

What's the meaning of Murid in Arabic?  
Murid is the one who wants and wishes.  
Murid belongs to intention and aim,  
Like prey is to the hunter.

If He didn't want me, why did He give me this desire?  
How come my face becomes such a pale yellow  
Because of separation from that beautiful face?

If His eyes didn't wound me with the sword of love,  
Why is my heart full of blood?  
Why do I shed bloody tears?

Autumn has turned yellow waiting for spring.  
Didn't the Master of spring  
Appear on His side at the end?

Since the one who desired spring came back to life,  
How come the one who wants God  
Stays like a carcass  
In the middle of the road?

Come to the garden and see  
How everyone finds what he deserves.  
Every clean seed blossoms with its own flowers.

The dress of spring is as green as the dress  
Of the ones who give sermons.  
O my friend, be silent,  
So the tongue of your soul can talk.



# 114.

## *Verse 1340*

To see the face of the Beloved  
Makes an enemy very mad with jealousy.  
The Beloved's face is like good news  
From his auspicious life.

As soon as you are awakened  
You will see the face of the Beloved.  
What happiness, how glorious this is.

He is the one who opens the way,  
Solves the problems and, at the same time,  
He is the one who is thankful.  
The rose which has bloomed  
Without the thorn would be like that.

The Beloved touches you and says,  
"It is time to get up."  
What is this awakening?  
What is that paradise  
And the rivers which flow in paradise?

Look at Imran's son, Moses.  
His being turned into an eye with the desires of Union.  
He kept asking to "Become manifest to me."

He said these words to confuse the one who listens.  
He wants to see.  
He also is the One to be seen.  
This is the Kingdom of Manifestation,  
Where the sun keeps turning around.  
What a kingdom of Manifestation!

We have swallowed His opium in early morning,  
Lost our minds.  
Since then, we've become idle  
From our work and occupation.

Look at my situation.  
Don't ask how I am.  
If you are smart, run away, don't talk too much.

Go away,  
Don't try to tell wise things to the insane  
Which could be understood by the mind.  
I felt sorry for you hundreds of times.  
You have really become crazy.

Don't ask me about odds and evens  
On this night of Glory.  
Because, wine is a pair to my brain.  
The beloved is a mate in my arms.

O my friend, don't ask me  
How much I have turned.  
The point never asks the amount of turns  
From a compass.

Don't make dust on the road of such a Beloved.  
Because He raises dust from the sea with His Beauty,  
And dusts the oceans.

O Sufi, don't put your head on your knee.  
It doesn't matter how much you are lost in thought.  
You can't find a trace of Him.  
You cannot step on His road.

Because you cannot pull the mountain of Uhud  
From its roots,  
Why try to grab the hill  
To pull the mountain down?

At the time when we drink  
The sweet sherbet of Absence,  
Even the commander-in-chief  
Appears to us like a mosquito.

What happiness this is!  
I will give everything for harac<sup>176</sup>  
And a fee for the horseshoe.  
Because of the continuously flaming, sparkling love,  
Our horseshoe is in the fire.<sup>177</sup>



# 115.

*Verse 1356*

**T**he Glory of Mohammed  
Has been divided by millions of particles  
And fills both worlds end to end.

If Mohammed tears one piece of curtain  
From the flash of that Glory,  
Thousands of monks and thousands of priests  
Take their zunnar<sup>178</sup> off.

If you are interested in this business,  
Don't delay, be prey in one breath,  
Then you hunt for some time and catch game.

Farewell. We are already gone.  
This one is definitely different from the others.

Yesterday, the beloved told me that this world  
Is nothing but trouble.  
I said, "Yes, but not worse than you.  
You are trouble with no mercy.

Why are you reproaching me?  
At least you shouldn't blame me."  
He answered me, "You shouldn't talk.  
Your feet have never seen a thorn.  
Drunkenness has never ceased to exist in your head."

I said, "Yes, but if I follow the others and start yelling,  
Forgive me, don't blame me."



Since I set your table,  
I could put on sweet and,  
At the same time, sour.  
At the table of the great, everyone eats his share.

Come and sew my mouth with a needle.  
You sew everybody's mouth in fasting month.  
I am tired of words.

I have turned into a mouth entirely.  
Which one of them will you be sewing?  
I don't look like a needle with one eye."

Even if the best in the congregation  
Still need Shems of Tebriz,  
The melon is split open because of that grief.  
Is it time for hayr<sup>179</sup> or hiyar<sup>180</sup> ?



# 116.

## *Verse 1367*

**U**p to now I have suffered so much  
From my beloved that, at the end,  
Grief and sorrow have settled down  
In the blood of my lungs.

Thousands of fires, thousands of smoke clouds,  
And thousands of griefs; its name is love.  
Thousands of troubles, thousands of punishments,  
And thousands of cruelties; its name is Beloved.

Whoever is thirsty for his blood  
Come right here to the place of execution.  
Its time to kill the ones who cry and wail.  
Come on. Now!

Look at me.  
He is worth a hundred lives for me.  
I am not afraid to be killed by the Beloved.  
I don't run away.

The torture of this love has double faces  
Like the waters of the Nile.<sup>181</sup>  
For the believer it is like water;  
For others it is blood.

What's the value of a lover,  
If he doesn't burn the loved one  
Like aloe wood, like a candle?  
What is the difference between aloe wood  
And dried thorns if it doesn't burn?

What would be the difference between  
The scared catamite and Rustem, the armed hero,  
If there were no swords,  
No spears and no arrow wounds?

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That sword is better than sugar for Rustem.  
Raining arrows are sweeter  
Than money scattered around him.

That lion hunts his game  
With hundreds of tricks and charm.  
Prey runs to him, row upon row.

The prey who gives his life with his blood,  
Keeps asking with tears,  
"Kill me once more for God's sake."

Both eyes of the dead look at the living,  
Saying, "O ignorant ones,  
Come on, don't scratch your ear."

Be silent. Be silent.  
The work of love is all upside down.  
Meaning will be hidden by saying too much.



# 117.

## *Verse 1379*

Once more we came like a morning breeze.  
Once more we have risen  
Like the sun with a hundred lights.

We are like the sun of July  
In the middle of a cold winter;  
Such a joy, such a breeze  
We gave to the rose garden.

Thousands of doves are looking for us,  
Saying, "Where, where where?"  
Thousands of nightingales and parrots  
Are flying toward us.

After our news reached the fish,  
They stirred the sea.  
Thousands of waves have risen  
And overflowed the sea.

I swear to God who gave ears to the soul  
And the gift of mind;  
We are not going to leave one sober,  
Intelligent one in this world.

For the sake of the Prophet Mohammad;  
For the sake of his four good friends,<sup>182</sup>  
Our name is called five times in the land of Absence.

We came from Egypt with a hundred caravans  
Of sugar cane.  
Don't do anything but crush sugar cane from now on.

Who needs the sugar cane of Egypt?  
Shems of Tebriz is offering hundreds of sugar canes  
With sweet talk.



# 118.

## *Verse 1387*

☞ Since the Beloved wants to see you in grief,  
Don't look for joy, O dear prey.  
You are in the paws of the lion.

If the Beloved pours rosewater on your head,  
Accept this as musk of the Tatar's<sup>183</sup> land.  
Accept it. Don't feel bad about it.

You have such a hidden enemy inside of you.  
Grief is the only thing  
Which will get rid of that dog.

If someone keeps hitting the carpet, kilim<sup>184</sup> with a stick,  
He doesn't mean to beat the kilim carpet.  
He just wants to take the dust off.

There is a lot of dust from existence  
And self inside of you.  
It won't go away suddenly or easily.

Every time you suffer, this dust will fly away,  
Little by little, when you're asleep or awake.

If you escape to sleep,  
You'll see the Beloved's torment;  
His good works, which may seem wrong at first,  
In dreams.

The woodcarver doesn't destroy the wood.  
He creates the shape he desires in his heart.

That's the reason all the evils  
On the way to God are good.  
Their beauty and reason will appear at the end.

Look at the tanner.  
He puts dirt on the hide so many times.

His purpose is to remove hidden imperfections  
From the skin,  
All he wants is to clean the leather.  
The leather doesn't know that.

You are Shems, the one whom Tebriz praises.  
The answers are all in your hands.  
Hurry, you have power in secret works.



# 119.

## *Verse 1399*

**G**od wrote such writing  
Around the face of the beloved.  
O one whose soul's eye is open,  
Read and learn the lesson.<sup>185</sup>

Love eats man.  
There must be a man who makes  
Himself a morsel in front of that love.

You are a bitter morsel.  
You'll be digested slowly.  
But, a saint is a sweet morsel.  
He'll be digested nicely and sweetly.

Break that morsel in small pieces,  
Because that mouth is too small.  
You are too big,  
Even three elephants cannot swallow you.  
If they divide you in three pieces,  
Then you'll be swallowed.

Even elephants are only a mouthful  
For your greed,  
But you resemble the bird of Ebabil<sup>186</sup>  
That chased the elephant.<sup>187</sup>

You were born from Absence; came from long famine.  
You would gobble down either the well-fed bird,  
The snake or the scorpion.



You have found a hot saucepan.  
You either burn your lips or your mouth.  
You get soot on your dress, on your turban.

You haven't been filled with anything  
Like the stomach of hell.  
Don't do it.  
The powerful God, who mends the broken ones,  
Will step on you.

Just as Almighty God will step on hell;  
Then hell will say, "I am filled, satisfied."<sup>188</sup>

God is the One who fills the eyes of the pure  
And attained.  
They are freed from their existence and from the greed  
For that carcass.

He doesn't need either knowledge or talent.  
The attained one doesn't want a donkey or a mule.  
He rides the lion.

Be silent. If I start counting His Grace and His favors,  
I won't be able to finish  
Until the last day of judgement.

Come O Shemseddin, the one whom Tebriz praises.  
I swear to God, this sun in this round sky,  
Is your humble, ordinary slave.



# 120.

## *Verse 1412*

**T**he Beloved will neither be loyal to you  
To heal your wounds,  
Nor torment you to expectations;  
Neither leave you in denial nor acknowledgement.

In whatever you put your heart,  
He breaks and pulls you out, overpowers you.  
"O Heart," you say, "Don't touch your feet.  
Don't stay anywhere."

You make a decision at night,  
Morning comes and you change your mind.  
Learn the lesson of the awkwardness  
Of the day and night.

The one in somnolence repents,  
Then makes oats because of his ignorance.  
But how can he deceive?  
He is in the hand of the One who overpowers.

O brother, do you know with whom you have to deal?  
Someone who made this whirling sky  
Headless and footless.

O brother, you don't know where you sleep;  
There is a sneak curled up  
And sitting at the top of your head.

O proud, foolish heart, what do you dream?  
What kind of saucepan is this old cook boiling for you?

With thousands of merchants, he goes on a journey,  
To make profit.  
The clamour of God's order  
Makes him restless and uneasy.

He runs around so much,  
He cannot stay with anyone of the town,  
And will be bored in the valley.  
He goes to the sea.

While trying to obtain coral he gives his life,  
Because the One who takes life has set a trap in his way.

He runs after water, and all he finds is a mirage.  
He runs after the light, but falls into the fire.

Fate and destiny hold his ears,  
Drag him here and there;  
Just the way He pulls the donkey by the ears  
To the sack of fodder.

You are worse than an ox.  
The firmament put a yoke on your neck  
To turn you around.

All the doctors have this giddiness.  
All the patients are bewildered from this turning.

Just like the lion after he catches his prey,  
Wondering whether to drag it  
To the mountains and valleys  
Or toward the sea to tear it to pieces.

When the lion tears God's lover,  
That is different than the others.

He can find no heart, no feeling, no lung in him.  
Whoever tears him apart also mends him,  
Puts him together again  
And brings him back to life.

Because he obeyed the order of  
"Die before death,"  
He was killed by the hand of love  
While he was living. .

Whoever doesn't have heart and lungs is the lover.  
The lion doesn't tear the same prey twice.

Even if He tears him by mistake,  
He repairs him immediately;  
Gives him life and holds him in His arms.

In order to stop the world,  
Which eats men from desire and greed.  
God forbids lover's fat and blood to the world.

You nourish with love.  
Love is a special medicinal paste.<sup>189</sup>  
What poison could possibly be a threat to love?

When the name of love is mentioned my heart jumps.  
But how can the string move this kind,  
Casual strike of the plectrum?

Fate keeps turning but the pole stays still.  
Tell me if the point moves  
From the rotation of the compass?

Be silent. Look at faith.  
It made you fond of wars and satin garments.  
And me, fond of poems.



# 121.

## *Verse 1437*

○ kind Cupbearer, give the wine to me earlier.  
I didn't sleep one moment last night,  
Because of thirst and a hangover.

When my lips are opened they mention Your name.  
Wet them with wine.  
I have Your hangover in my head.  
Scratch that with drunkenness.

Pour it on my body.  
Pour it on my senses.  
Pour in such a way that not even  
One vessel in the body remains sober.

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If I become ruined and fall down,  
If any one of my vessels stay sober,  
Accept that as an owl at the ruins.

Turn this barren land into a tulip garden  
With ruby-colored wine.  
Don't make me wait until spring.

Those trees have grown because of You.  
You are the One who gave them mantles.  
They have all blossomed with Your wine.

If You make me drunk  
I'll grow taller than that tree,  
Smile like a pomegranate  
And open my heart to the people.

You are the One who makes me  
Devoted to Your tavern, ruins me.  
Then You are the One who builds me up again,  
Like an architect.

Give me that big jar.  
I'll drink and be silent.  
I am Your slave and Your servant.  
It is not good for a slave to keep talking.



# 122.

## *Verse 1446*

**H**ow nicely You are pulling the ones  
Who have been defeated on the way of love.  
Pull. Pull. Bring. Bring.

Love opened His arms with drunkenness.  
The time came for lovers to embrace.  
Time to embrace.

I am very drunk, have fallen to the ground.  
But give me the wine which you know.  
Offer it to me again and again.

His Kingdom would be eternal.  
Ask Him. Don't ask for patience and decision.  
His face has left me no patience, no decision.

There is a different beauty and sweetness  
For the lover to adorn his face with tears,  
Than the beloved adorns his face.

O one who has become prey to Him,  
Don't expect to get away from His hands.

You were blood and smelled like milk  
Because of His love.  
But, if milk doesn't turn into blood,  
Give Him up, give up.



Go mix with the wine of Shemsheddin,  
To whom everybody becomes a slave and servant,  
Because there is no hangover with the wine of Tebriz.  
No hangover.



# 123.

## *Verse 1454*

A voice came to souls from the Exalted and  
Distinguished Sultan of Sultans, saying,  
,"Why do you look at the circle of heroes  
From a distance?

The sun has risen.  
How come these people are still asleep?  
Isn't that soul in love with morning?  
Aren't the eyes in love with the light?"

The bottom of the well is enlightened  
With the light of soul.  
Light cured the illness of the blind  
And opened his eyes.

The time of early dawn has come.  
Embrace the jar.  
When the sleeper moves, turns left and right,  
He will be awakened.

Don't say, "I am not sleeping,  
I am watching God's art works."  
Looking for art work instead of such beauty  
Is staying behind the curtain.

If the soul of a sleeper ever knew he was asleep,  
He wouldn't care what he sees, one way or the other.

Just like one day, a stoker of the bath fell asleep.  
In his dream he saw himself as a sultan.

He saw himself sitting on a throne.  
There were guards and vizirs  
Standing to his left and right.

He settled down on his throne in such a way  
That, if you saw him, you would think he was a Sultan,  
Whose orders had ruled the country for years.

When he was in this rush and noise,  
These power struggles  
He acted like, "Who is the sovereign of this throne?"

The owner of the bath house suddenly came  
And kicked him.  
He said, "Wake up. You are sleeping like death  
In the grave."

The stoker jumped up  
And saw no treasure, no throne around.  
He only found the fire had gone out of the fireplace,  
And the water was cold.

Read the last part of the Ya Sin chapter in the Koran,  
Read the verse which says,  
"His is only one shout, one cry."<sup>190</sup>  
You also wake up from the sleep of pride  
With just one shout.

We also sleep, but there are thousands of open  
And closed differences between sleepers.

The sultan is not even aware that he is a sultan,  
In his sleep.  
The same is true for a vulgar person.  
When he is asleep he doesn't remember his vulgarity.

But once they both wake up,  
The sultan goes to sit on the throne.  
The other falls in grief and trouble.

The moral of this story is still untold.  
There is no permission.  
Look at the knowledge of David.  
Then look at the shortness of Zebur.<sup>191</sup>

If Shems of Tebriz doesn't help,  
Words stop in the mouth like that.



# 124 .

*Verse 1472* <sup>192</sup>

**T**he glass is broken, my wine is finished.  
I have a hangover.  
Shemseddin is the only one  
Who can make my ruined business flourish.

The sultan of the world of vision;  
The candlelight of the world of discovery.  
Souls are prostrating in front of him  
Wholeheartedly.

Thousands of ruined, confused souls  
And thousands of hearts  
Are prostrating in order to reach Him,  
And be saved from the sea of confusion.

If earth and sky are filled  
With the darkness of blasphemy,  
When His light shines  
It will enlighten everything.

If devils had the cleanliness  
Which angels have obtained from Him,  
Everyone of them would be a houri.

Even though that light is not shared by Satan,  
Still He hides him with curtains of kindness.

When he starts his favors and kindness  
On the day of festivity,  
There will be a wedding party everywhere.  
Every one who cries will find joy and pleasure.

When that Sun shines from Tebriz,  
Every particle is resurrected  
As if they hear the sound of trumpets.

O morning breeze, for God's love,  
For the sake of salt and bread,  
Kindly accept that you and I  
Both rejoice because of him, every dawn.

When you come beyond the land of Absence,  
Go to that side once, don't be lazy like a patient.

Fly with the wings He has given you.  
It is not too far for this wing  
Even if the road is a thousand years old.

If your wings get tired, for the sake of your head,  
For the sake of this slave whose heart is separated,  
And whose soul is hurt, tell him to prostrate.

Tell him, with tears, that since he has left him,  
His days are all black.  
His hair has become white like camphor.

You are such a person that you will dip  
All the guilty ones of the world into the sea of pity,  
Cover and give mercy to all of them.

When the eyes of soul cannot see your soul,  
Naturally the blind are all excused.

With much begging and imploring,  
He would let you have the soil he walks on.  
I would put that soil on my eyes like salve,  
Because this disease is becoming very grave.

O morning breeze,  
When you come from this journey  
You will burn both  
The land of Absence and existence.

If you bring me that soil  
To put on my eyes as salve,  
Thousands of mercies will come to your soul  
For many, many centuries.



# 125.

*Verse 1490*

*L*ook. Look at me carefully.  
Know that I am the friend to you in your grave.  
When you are away from the house or store,  
I am the one who hangs around with you.

You hear my greeting in the grave,  
Though you have never been away from my eyes.

The times you are happy and cheerful,  
Or the time you are sad and in trouble,  
I am inside you, just like your mind and soul.

When you hear a familiar sound at night  
In a strange land,  
You'll be secure from snake bites or troubles from ants.

The drunkenness of love offers you wine in your grave,  
Lights a candle, gives appetizers  
And burns incense for you.

What yells and screams come from death  
At the cemetery  
When you light the candle of mind?

The soil of the cemetery becomes confused  
From these noises, this humdrum  
And the beat of the drums of resurrection.

You tear your coffin.  
You plug your ears with fear.  
What's the use of brains or ears  
To the trumpet of resurrection?



Wherever you look you'll see Me.  
Whether you look at yourself or the crowd,  
All you see is Me. Me.

Don't be crosseyed, open both your eyes.  
Look at me nicely,  
Because bad eyes are a far distance  
From My bright beauty on that day.

I appear to be human,  
But don't ever make that mistake,  
Because soul is very light.  
But love is very tough, very jealous.

Never mind shape or form.  
Even if I dress with felt,  
The cloak is still the light of the soul's mirror.  
It shines, becomes a flag, becomes apparent.

Beat the drum.  
Go to the musician of the town.  
The day of manifestation is for the voyager  
Who is maturing in the way of love.

If you hadn't been after money and goods,  
If you had kept searching for God,  
You wouldn't see yourself in the coffin  
Sitting next to the ditch.

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You've set up such a house of informers in our town,  
That you'd better close you mouth now,  
And be a silent informer just like light.



# 126.

*Verse 1505<sup>193</sup>*

*A*las. Alas.

The Beloved has tied the bale of travel.

Alas. I won't be company for him.

Alas. Alas.

This travel business is beyond my control

So that I can do nothing for its woof and warp.

Make this travel completely go away.

What? What can be done?

The destiny of the sun and Moon are in the journey.

Their turning will keep shadows on the journey, too.

The journey came with so many sorry excuses

About separation

That I, myself, became embarrassed with the journey.

I said don't be like a fox.

Don't try to convince me with your talk.

Because I have been hounded,

In the pasture of journey, by a lion.

Soul is a guest for me.

I myself am like a riverbed, soul flows on it.

That's the meaning of the journey,

"Running toward the sea."

This river flows to sea from coast to coast.

Whose heart is wounded and broken

By the thorn of this journey?

Look at the face of the mirror.  
It came from the journey,  
Has the dirt and dust of the journey.  
But you still look at it with clean eyes.

Since such a good friend is on the road of the journey,  
We must also journey.  
Know that your destiny is also  
The destiny of the journey.  
The journey is the only thing for us now.

Since my cypress statured one, my soul of soul,  
Is on the road, I will keep my eyes open,  
At the start of the road,  
And watch him on the spring of journey, like a bud.

Shems, whom Tebriz praises, has started his journey.  
If you know, tell me.  
What sovereignty has he set in the land of journey?



## Notes

- 1 Koran: XCI-XCIII
- 2 Koran XXIV-35
- 3 Koran LXXV-19
- 4 Ali Murtaza: Prophet Ali
- 5 Verse in Koran.
- 6 Koran LXXVI - 1
- 7 Elif-lam: Letters in Arabic alphabet.
- 8 Husameddin: Mevlana's confidant after Shems. Precursor of Mesnevi d. 1284.
- 9 Cafer: Cafer-i Tayyar.
- 10 My people are forgiven, pitied. They won't be punished after death. They have suffered cruelty, instigations, quacks, murder and trouble on earth. (Khadis-al-Camo 1 - p. 54.)
- 11 Words often mentioned in the Koran.
- 12 The messenger of God, one day, did not break his fasting and continued into the next day. A disciple asked, "Why didn't you break fasting?" He answered Who could be like me? I will be a guest to my God. God feeds me and gives me water." (Khadis-Ahadis-i Mesnevi - p. 36.)
- 13 Kevser: A river in paradise.
- 14 Koran -L, 16: "We are close to Him. Closer than our carotid artery." Koran-LVI, 85: "And we are close to Him, closer than you. But you cannot see."
- 15 Kadir Night: The night the Koran was revealed to the Prophet.
- 16 Zun-Nun: (Misril - d.859) A Sufi belonging to the Melameti who was exiled by Egypt.
- 17 Mecnum & Leyla: Characters from a famous Persian love story..
- 18 Ferhad and Sheddad: Heroes of a Persian love story.
- 19 Kebab: Roasted meat.
- 20 Shems came to Konya on October 23, 1244 on a Saturday morning. If he was 62 years old, then his birthday should be 1182. (Golpinarli)
- 21 Kharun: Legendary rich man female lovers in ancient Persian love story.
- 22 Lala: A servant placed in charge of a boy. A tutor.

- 23 Mecnun and Leyla: Famous love story.
- 24 Vise-Ramin: Names of male and female lovers in ancient Persian love story.
- 25 Vamik-Azra: Old love story.
- 26 Kilim: Carpet without pile.
- 27 Halva: Sweetmeats.
- 28 Elest: "Am I not your god? Koran VII-172, 173.
- 29 Kaf: Legendary mountain.
- 30 Deccal: Person who comes before the last day of judgment.
- 31 Burak & Mirac: The legendary horse (Burak) that carried Muhammed to Mirac (ascension).
- 32 This gazel was written in arabic.
- 33 Koran XIX, 20-27.(Arberry) She said, "How shall I have a son whom no mortal has touched, nor have I been unchaste?" He said, "Even so, thy Lord has said, easy is that for Me and that We may appoint him a sign unto men and mercy from Us; it is a thing decreed." So she conceived Him and withdrew with Him to a distant place.  
And the birthpangs surprised her by the trunk of the palm tree. She said, "Would that I had died ere this and become a thing forgotten." But the one that was below her called to her, "Nay, do not sorrow, see thy Lord has set below thee a rivulet. Shake also thee, the palm trunk and there shall come tumbling upon thee dates, fresh and ripe. Eat therefore and drink and be comforted."
- 34 Koran XXVIII, 15-25.
- 35 Euphrates, Tigris , Oxus: Rivers in Eastern Anatolia.
- 36 Koran LIII, 8-9: "Then drew near and suspended, hung two bow's length away or nearer.
- 37 The Prophet was born in Mecca, became a prophet at age forty, left Mecca in 621 A.D. for medina. Later he returned to Mecca.
- 38 Huseyin: Son of Iman Ali. He was third Iman, martyred in Kerbala by order of Yezid, son of Muaviye.
- 39 Yezid: The son of Muaviye, King of Kerbela.
- 40 Medina: City next to Mecca.
- 41 Koran 30: "Get you all down, "fall down." One of you is a foe unto the other."
- 42 Koran II-7
- 43 The Prophet Muhammed said, "Absence is my praise."  
(Khadis)

- 44 Son of Muaviye. (mentioned before)
- 45 Koran II-36. Then Satan caused them to slip therefrom and brought them that they were in and we said, "Get down, each of you is enemy to the other.
- 46 Koran XXIII-18
- 47 Koran VI-44. We open the door of everything.
- 48 Yurt: A nomad tent.
- 49 Ayet: Verses in the Koran.
- 50 Koran LIII-8,5.
- 51 Ahadis-i Mesnevi (p.29) Blessing him, David asked, "Why did you create the people? God answered, "I was a hidden treasure, wanted to be known. I created people to know me."
- 52 Harun: Prophet
- 53 Kelim: Moses
- 54 Nur: Light. (Koran XXIV-35. God is the light of the sky and earth.)
- 55 Zulfekaar: The sword of the Prophet Ali.
- 56 This gazel was written for the wedding of Selahaddin Zerkubi's daughter, Fatma, and Mevlana's son, Sultan Veled. (Eflaki)
- 57 Meva: Home, shelter.
- 58 Koran LXVI sure is called Kingdom-Mulk or Tebareke- first word.
- 59 Koran XCIX-1. "Earth will be shaken by a big quake."
- 60 Koran LI, 17-18. "They don't sleep at night."
- 61 Rebab: A stringed instrument.
- 62 In order to bring flying falcons back, a drum was beat.
- 63 Koran: XVII-70
- 64 Kamet: To announce the beginning of Ramoz.
- 65 Nizami: Famous Persian poet, (d. 1195.) The second line of this verse is Nizami's.
- 66 Kaza: The performance of a duty previously omitted.
- 67 Bairam: Religious festival day.
- 68 Mevlana apparently wrote this poem in 1252-1253 A.D.
- 69 Hegira: The emigration of the Prophet Muhammed from Mecca to Medina. The beginning of the Moslem calender.
- 70 Prophet's uncle, a disbeliever of Islam..
- 71 Uzeyr: A prophet mentioned in the Koran and the Old Testament.

- 72 Koran XLI-2: "Then turned He to the heaven when it was smoke and said unto earth, "come, both of you, willing or loath." We come, obedient.
- 73 Old Arabic saying.
- 74 Selahaddin Zerkubi: Confidant of Mevlana. He took the place of Shems after Shems death. His daughter married Mevlana's son, Sultan Veled.
- 75 Haram: Religiously forbidden.
- 76 Koran II-117, III-47, VI-73, XVI-40, XIX-35, XXXVI-82, XL-68.
- 77 Nun: mean "Be." It is also mentioned as Kaf-Nun.
- 78 Ca'fer-i Tayyar: Flying Cafer, one of the uncles of Muhammad who lost his arms in war. The Prophet said he will have wings in heaven.
- 79 This verse stars, "Muhammed's eyes are half closed. . ." in the Istanbul University version. If this is the right version, Mevlana is referring to his son, Sultan Veled. While he was saying this gazel Sultan Veled was playing the rebab. In one Rubai, he was thanking his son for playing the rebab. (Golparnarli)
- 80 Ebu-Hureyra: Muhammad's disciple. Nicknamed "father of cats." (Died 677.)
- 81 Reyhan: Sweet basil.
- 82 Hutun: A city in Eastern Turkestan.
- 83 Koran LXXI-26. And Noah said, "My Lord, leave not of the disbeliever in the land."
- 84 Koran XXIV-26. "Vile women are for vile men."
- 85 Berat: Muslim feast (15th of Shaban) celebrating the revelation of his mission to Mohammed.
- 86 "Appear to me." Koran VII-143.
- 87 Ezan: The call to prayer.
- 88 Kamet: The beginning of Ezan.
- 89 Fatiha, Kah ha, Ya sin: Names of chapters of the Koran I-XIX-XXXVI.
- 90 It was the custom during the Abbasi period, that when the sultan was throned, to be hit by the caliph (commander of the faithful.)
- 91 Imam: The leader of public worship.
- 92 Fatiha: The 1st chapter of the Koran.
- 93 An old Arab saying.
- 94 Koran IX-3: God has bought from the believer their selves and their possessions against the gift of paradise.

- 95 Koran LIII-8
- 96 Khadis-Ahadis-i Mesnevi p.36
- 97 This gazel is about the murder of Selchuk ruler, Rukneddin Kibcarslau, by the mongols in 1285 A.D. (Eflaki)
- 98 Koran C-6. Surely man is ungrateful to his Lord.
- 99 Nemrud: An impious king who is said to have cast Abraham into the flames.
- 100 Koran XXXVIII 71-83, VII-16, XV-39. Satan curse: 990-997
- 101 Uzerlik: Rue seeds, used as a fumigant.
- 102 Corotu: Seed of Nigela sativa.
- 103 Bairam: Religious festival
- 104 Koran LXXVI-21: "Their God will water them with a clean wine."
- 105 Elest: Koran VII-172. And when they Lord took from the children of Adam, from their loins, their seed, and made them testify, touching themselves, "Am I not your God?"
- 106 The prophet Ali Murteza (fourth caliph). Muhammed's uncles' son and son in love.
- 107 Hayber: Name of a fort.
- 108 Koran LXXIII-2: "O thou, enwrapped in they robes, keep vigil at night."
- 109 Ferkad: A star of Ursa Minor.
- 110 Namaz: ritual praying.
- 111 This gazel is similar to gazel 57.
- 112 Abu Lehep: Prophet's uncle, a disbeliever of Islam.
- 113 Ahmed: The Prophet Muhammed.
- 114 Rum: Asia Minor.
- 115 Illiyun: Greatness. Top of heaven. Mentioned in Koran LXXXIII-18,19.
- 116 Imam: Religious leader.
- 117 These words are repeated twice in the morning namaz (prayer.)
- 118 Feridun: An Indo-Persian mythological character.
- 119 Vise: Indo-Persian mythological character.
- 120 This poem is a comparison of Mevlana's life before and after Shems.
- 121 The use of the expression "There is no power nor strength but in God," is used to express impatient anger.
- 122 Koran II-144, 149, 150.



- 123 In the Konya Museum version this reads, "When death comes."  
In the Istanbul University version it reads, "When I have  
trouble."
- 124 After these, there are three verses which are the same as verses  
5,6 and 9 of gazel 71.
- 125 Haram: Forbidden by religion.
- 126 Halal: Permitted by religion.
- 127 Canopus: A star seen well in Yemen, called Yemeni. Gives color  
to agate and leather dyed with red. Spreads color, and is  
believed to get its color from that star.
- 128 Koran LXXVI,21.
- 129 Koran CV 3-5.
- 130 Koran LXXXIV, 1.
- 131 Verses 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 of this gazel are in Arabic.  
Their meanings are different than farsi. This gazel could be a  
combination of two gazels.
- 132 According to Eflaki (V.1 p.451) Mevlana answers to Muineddin  
Pervane for Sadeddin Konevi's dream where Konevi's account  
of his ascension in his dream, "His dream was right, but I did  
not see him there."
- 133 This poem was recited when Mevlana received the news after  
Shems first departure.
- 134 A city near Tehran (present-day capital of Iran.) In old times  
they apparently had a basement for use on hot summer days.
- 135 Itizal: Those who belong to Mutezile. They are the rational of  
Islam.
- 136 Isfahan: City in Iran.
- 137 Zengibar: Symbolises darkness, attributed to Ethiopia and India.
- 138 Rum: Symbolises brightness and beauty, attributed to Turks.
- 139 Beyazid-Bestami: A Melami Sufi.
- 140 Yezid: An unpius king.
- 141 Koran XIX-45. Surely Satan is a rebel to the All Merciful.
- 142 Abu Sid (d. 1049: A Melami Sufi.
- 143 Abul Hasan: A random name.
- 144 Lahavle: "There is no power or strength but in God."
- 145 Humar: hangover.
- 146 Hamr: Wine.
- 147 Elif: First letter of Arabic alphabet.

- 148 Sufis accept this statement as Khadis, others as subject. (Ahadis-i Mesnevi p.116)
- 149 Sahabe: Companion of the Prophet Muhammed.
- 150 Kafdagi: Legendary mountain where the phoenix lives.
- 151 Koran XXXIX-21: He brings forth crops of diverse hues, then they wither and thou seest them turning yellow. Then He makes them into broken earth.
- 152 This poem is inscribed on Mevlana's sarcophagus.
- 153 In Arabic, the first alphabet of pray (Dua) is written with (Dal) which resembles a bent stature.
- 154 Imam: Leader in public worship.
- 155 Khadis: Cami al Sagyr. (p.159)
- 156 Verses 1 and 2 of this gazel are the same as 1 and 2 of gazel 88. The third verse of this gazel is the same as the 4th verse of 88 and 14 is similar to the 8th verse of gazel 88.
- 157 Koran LVII-18, LXIV-17: "Those who give alms, both men and women, and lend unto Allah a goodly loan, it will be doubled for them, and theirs will be a rich reward."
- 158 Bela: Trouble.
- 159 La: There is nothing.
- 160 Namaz: Ritual worship five times a day in Islam.
- 161 Zulkeyren: A two horned owl.
- 162 Koran II-67, 71.
- 163 Evrad: A combined prayer comprised of verses from the Koran and Khadis, usually read after morning namaz.
- 164 Koran: The Old Testament indicated that Joseph had eleven brothers. Here Mevlana mentioned fourteen, which included his mother and father.
- 165 Selam: Greeting. Salute.
- 166 This gazel is similar to gazels 64 and 110.
- 167 Koran-76, 21.
- 168 Ashab-i Keh: Cave's friend (explained in BR v.2136.) Koran XVIII-9, 26. Seven men took refuge, in a cave, from the king who was forcing people to worship idols. God gave them sleep for 309 years.
- 169 Koran XX-56, 76.
- 170 Koran XII-30, 31.
- 171 Circis: One of the prophets who came back seventy times after being martyred by his people seventy times.
- 172 Edhemoglu: Famous Sufi (d.777-78 in Damascus.)

- 173 Quoted by Bistami (d. 874.)  
174 Hallac: (d.922)  
175 Koran XIV-34.  
176 Harac: Fee for horseshoes or two taxes.  
177 In order to secure somebody's return and love, it was customary to put a horseshoe in the fire and pray.  
178 Zunnar: A rope girdle worn by early Christians of Asia Minor.  
179 Hayr: Good, prosper. (Arabic.)  
180 Hiyar: Cucumber. (Turkish)  
181 Koran VIII-133.  
182 Four good friends are: Prophets Ebu behr, Omer, Osman and Ali.  
183 Tatar: Mongol.  
184 Kilim: A carpet without pile.  
185 Koran LIX-2  
186 Ebabil: Legendary bird that destroyed the army of Arabia.  
187 Koran CV.  
188 Khadis-Muslim p.151.  
189 (Farukiy Macun:) an antidote to poison.  
190 Koran XXXVI-29: "They are awaiting only one cry to seize them while they are yet disputing."  
191 Zebur: Mezanir, sung with a flute accompaniment.  
192 This gazel was said after Shems' departure.  
193 The gazel was said after Shems' departure.

**archegos**

Don't be aquiver with love for yourself.  
Let someone else do this for you.  
I swear by your soul that  
There is no enemy of yourself  
But you.

Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rûmî  
*Dîvân-î Kebîr* 7  
Verse 381